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MORAL STORIES

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MORAL STORIES

— FOR —

LITTLE FOLKS.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS AND HOME TEACHING.

PRINTED AT
THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
1891.

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TO TEACHERS.

THE object of this little work is to furnish teachers and those having the care of small children with suitable stories to relate or read to their pupils.

As is well known, children are always delighted in listening to a simple story. Nothing has a better tendency to secure their attention than the relating of some narrative that they can comprehend. This being the case, they can be taught valuable lessons by means of stories which illustrate principles far more effectively than in any other way.

The teacher of young children in a Sunday School or Primary Association should make it a point to have some nice moral story prepared for each meeting of the class. This will help greatly to keep up the interest among the little folks, and at the same time they can be benefitted.

The following carefully selected stories are hereby submitted for the teacher's use. If the

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lesson intended to be conveyed is not as clearly shown in some of the stories as is necessary for the children to comprehend them, the teacher can make a plainer application as he or she may desire. It is not intended that the teacher's originality or ingenuity should be dispensed with in using these stories. It is recommended that the teacher relate these narratives in the course of his or her remarks to the class, by way of illustrations of principles that are being taught.

If this is not done the stories might be read from the book; and to see that the children fully understand them and the lessons they are intended to teach, call on members of the class to relate the stories in their own language, and question the class about the lesson to be learned.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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MORAL STORIES.

BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD.

ONE of the most valuable traits in one's character is that of fulfilling promises. A person who is true to his word can be relied upon, and is always able to gain respect and confidence.

Young folks should seek to acquire the habit of being prompt in fulfilling promises, and people will learn to rely upon their words. Many little troubles and annoyances that we have to put up with from time to time might easily be avoided if folks would all learn to keep their promises.

A little incident will show how easy it is for one to greatly vex and annoy another by disappointing him.

Two little girls who had always been very friendly towards each other were one day intending to take an excursion trip on the railroad. It was with the school with which they belonged that they were going to take this pleasure trip.

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The evening before starting, one of the little girls borrowed from the other a hat which she had trimmed just for this particular occasion. Desiring to have her hat trimmed and fixed just like it, she got permission to take the hat home for a pattern, that her older sister might trim hers in the same style. It was a kind act on the part of the girl who owned the hat to lend it to the other one, and the one who borrowed it promised faithfully to return it early the next morning. But she was not true to her promise.

In the morning, after getting ready, she hastened off to catch the train, forgetting all about the borrowed hat.

In the meantime the owner of it was waiting anxiously for it, not thinking of being disappointed. At last she started off to get the hat herself, but it was now nearly time for the train to be going.

The two girls lived some distance apart, and it took several minutes to go on this errand. After getting to her friend's home she was delayed a few moments, and just as she was going out of the gate the whistle sounded as a signal for the train to start.

The poor little lady was left behind! Realizing the enjoyment she would miss by being left, she knew not what to do but to break out in tears.

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And all this trouble was brought upon her by the carelessness of her companion, who proved to be untrue to her word.

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

GEBHARDT was a German shepherd boy; a noble fellow he was, too, although he was very, very poor.

One day as he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy; "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter glanced at the crooked track and said:

"My lad, I am hungry, tired and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the forest and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one

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or more wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more money than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "you will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly cornered him. He said: "I see my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road and I will try to make it out myself."

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Gerhardt now offered the humble contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

Honesty, truth and fidelity are precious jewels in the character of a child. When they spring from piety they are pure diamonds, and make the possessor very beautiful, very happy, very honorable and very useful. May you, my readers, wear them as Gerhardt did.

CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

SOME people worry over trouble that they expect to have long before it comes. Sometimes, and quite often, the trouble they expect never comes, so all their worry gives them needless pain. This is called borrowing trouble, and is nicely illustrated in the following story:

There was once a man and a woman who planned

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to go and spend the day at a friend's house which was some distance from their own. So one pleasant morning they started out to make the visit, but they had not gone very far before the woman remembered a bridge she had to cross, which was very old and was said to be unsafe, and she immediately began to worry about it.

"What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband. "I shall never dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river in any other way."

"Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge; it is a bad place; suppose it should break through and we should fall into the water and be drowned!"

"Or even," said his wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and the baby?"

"I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I couldn't work, and we should all starve to death."

So they went on, worrying until they got to the bridge, and, lo and behold! they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built, and they crossed over it in perfect safety, and found they might have spared themselves all their anxiety.

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THE CROWS AND THE WIND-MILL.

A FABLE.

IT SEEMS there was once a wind-mill—history does not tell us exactly where, and I suppose it is not much matter where it was—which went round and round, day after day. It did no harm to anybody. It never knocked anybody down, unless he got under it, within reach of its great arms. What if it did use the air! It did not hurt the air any, for the air was just as good for breathing after it turned the mill, as it was before.

But there was a flock of crows in the neighborhood, that took quite a dislike to the innocent mill. They said there must be some mischief about it. They did not at all like its actions. The swinging of those long arms, for a whole day at a time, really looked suspicious. And, besides that, it was rumored in the crow village that a good-natured crow once went to look at the wind-mill, and that the great thing hit him a knock with one of its arms and killed him on the spot.

Some half a dozen of the flock of crows that felt so much alarmed were talking together at one time, when the conversation turned, as was gener-

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ally the case, upon the giant mill. After talking a while, it was thought best to call a council of all the crows in the country, to see if some means could not be hit upon by which the dangerous thing could be got rid of.

The meeting was called, and the council met in a corn-field. Such a cawing and chattering was never before heard in that neighborhood. They appointed a chairman—perhaps we ought to say a chair-*crow*—and other officers, and proceeded to business.

As is usual in public meetings of this nature, there were many different opinions as to the question, "What is best to be done with the wind-mill?" Most of the crows thought the wind-mill a dangerous thing—a *very* dangerous thing indeed; but then, as to the best mode of getting rid of it, that was not so easy a matter to decide.

There were some crows at the meeting who were for going at once right over to the wind-mill—all the crows in a body—and destroying the thing on the spot. In justice to the crow family in general, however, it ought to be stated that those who talked about this warlike measure were rather young. Their feathers were not yet quite fully grown, and they had not seen so much of the world as their fathers had.

After there had been much loud talking, all over

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and around the great elm-tree where the council was held, one old crow said he had a few questions to ask. He had a plan to recommend, too—perhaps—and perhaps not. It would depend upon the answers to his questions, whether he gave any advice or not.

He would beg leave to inquire, he said, through the chairman, if the wind-mill had ever been known to go away from the place where it was then standing, and to chase crows around the field for the purpose of killing them.

It was decided that such conduct on the part of the giant had never been heard of. Even the oldest inhabitant, who had heard from his grandfather, the story about the unhappy fate of the crow that perished by a blow from the giant's arms, did not remember to have heard that the windmill had ever made such warlike visits.

"How then," the speaker wished to know, "was the crow killed in old times?"

The answer was, "By venturing too near the mill."

"And is that the only way that any of us are likely to get killed by the wind-mill?"

"Yes," the *scare-crow* said, "that is the way, I believe."

And the crows generally nodded their heads, as much as to say, "Certainly, of course."

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"Well, then," said the old crow who asked the questions, "*let us keep away from the mill.* That is all I have to say."

At this the whole council set up a noisy laugh of approbation. The meeting broke up. The general opinion was, that the advice of the last speaker was, on the whole, the safest and best that could be given.

There are some things very harmless in themselves, and very useful, too, in their proper places, that will be very apt to injure us if we go too near them. In such cases remember the advice of the wise crow and *keep away from the mill.*

THE DONKEY'S LESSON.

A BOY named Peter
Found once in the road,
All harmless and helpless,
A poor little toad;

And ran to his playmate,
And all out of breath
Cried, "John, come and help,
And we'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones,
The two went on the run,
Saying one to the other,
"Oh, won't we have fun?"

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Thus primed and all ready,
They'd got nearly back,
When a donkey came,
Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad
A-taking his morning nap
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg,
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad
With his warm nose a dump,
And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John;"
Says Peter, "that's flat,
In the face of an eye and
An action like that."

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"For my part, I havn't
The heart to," says John;
"But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on;

"Let's help him;" so both lads
Set off with a will,
And came up with the cart
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

The summit once gained,
Back they went on the run,
Agreeing they never
Had had finer fun.

A PLEASANT WORD.

A DISPOSITION to act kindly towards all should be cultivated by every boy and girl. A kindly nature is always admired. How much more happiness there would be in the world if every person was possessed of a kind, pleasant spirit!

Perhaps many of our little friends have heard or read of instances wherein the power of a kind word or act has been shown. The following inci-

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dent, which is quite true, will illustrate the effect of a pleasant word:

One new-year's evening, a few years since, there was a Sunday school party held in one of our towns here in Utah. Among the young people who were present upon this occasion was a young man who was a stranger in the place, although he had been living in the town for several months.

This young man had been working in the mines and hauling freight the greater part of the time he had been in the territory. He was accustomed to rough labor and companions, and to be spoken to in a gruff and unpleasant manner.

On entering the school room in which the party was to be held, the young man saw a pleasant-faced gentleman seated at a table; it was the superintendent of the Sabbath school, and he was engaged in giving out the numbers and receiving the admission fee.

The young stranger walked up to the table to pay over his seventy-five cents and receive a check with his number on. The superintendent addressed him courteously, made a few pleasant remarks while taking his name, and thanked him kindly as he was leaving the table.

The young man was deeply impressed by this short interview, and, looking about the room, he discovered one person with whom he was some-

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what acquainted. He approached the individual and inquired of him the name of the gentleman who sat at the table. On being told who it was he exclaimed, almost with tears in his eyes:

"Well, sir, I never heard a man speak so pleasantly to me before in my life that I remember of. I don't expect to dance much this evening, as I am unacquainted here, but I don't mind that, I've got the worth of my money just by hearing that man speak to me."

The following Sunday the young man attended the Sabbath school. He was so affected by the superintendent's kindness that he liked to be in his presence. From that time on he continued to attend the Sabbath school as long as he remained in the place, and he no doubt still remembers the pleasant words of the kind-hearted superintendent.

A GOOD WISH GRATIFIED.

FIVE little girls were spending a pleasant evening together and fell to discussing what they would most like to have.

"I wish I lived in a beautiful palace with nothing to do but act as I pleased," said little Susie Blake.

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"Oh! I wish that I were very, very pretty so that people would look at me and say, 'She's the prettiest girl I ever saw!'" exclaimed Ella Dudley.

"And I do wish more than anything else that I had lots and lots of money," said Dora Kyle.

"I would like to be very smart and write beautiful story books," said Maggie Wilkins.

"Your turn now, Katie, what do you wish for?" asked Maggie, seeing that Katie hesitated.

"I wish to be good—so good," she said slowly, "that all my friends will love me very dearly and miss me when I am absent from them," timidly said little Katie Oatis.

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed four loving voices, "you have your wish already; for only this morning we all agreed that the day would not be half so pleasant if you did not come," said Maggie, drawing Katie's hand in her own.

"And we each wished we were like you, because everybody loves you so," said Susie.

Katie actually cried for joy to think her wish had so soon been granted.

"Oh! girls, let's make a good wish next time and maybe it will be gratified," said Dora; to which they all agreed.

Now it is in the power of every child to be good—so good that it will be missed and wished

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for when absent. Don't you think it much wiser to desire what is possible than to make life disagreeable by wishing for what is impossible?

THE MONKEY AND THE CATS.

TWO hungry cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree between themselves how to divide it. Therefore they went to law, and a cunning monkey was to be judge and decide their case.

The monkey put the two pieces of cheese, which the cats had brought him, into some scales, to see if they were of equal weight. "Let me see," said the judge, with a sly look. "This slice weighs more than the other;" and with that he bit off a large piece.

"Why do you bite our cheese?" said the cats.

"Because," said the monkey, "I must see that neither of you has more than the other."

The other scale had now become too heavy; so the honest judge helped himself to a second mouthful.

"Hold! hold!" cried the two cats. "Give each of us her share of what is left, and we will be content."

"If you are content," said the monkey, "justice

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is not; the law, my friends, must have its course."

Upon this he nibbled first one piece and then the other, till the poor cats, seeing their cheese in a fair way to be eaten up, most humbly begged him not to put himself to any further trouble, but to give them what still remained.

"Ha! ha! ha! not so fast, I beseech you good ladies," said the monkey; "I owe justice to myself as well as to you, and what remains is due to me as the lawyer." Upon this he crammed the whole into his mouth at once, and very gravely broke up the court.

This fable teaches us that it is better to put up with a trifling loss than to run the risk of losing all we have by going to law.

WASHINGTON AND I.

A LITTLE street-Arab was Johnny McGee,
Ragged, and friendless, and homeless was he.
But Johnny, though ragged, was clever and bright,
And he knew the difference between wrong and right.

Now it happened one morning that Johnny felt gay,
And ready for all kinds of mischief and play;
His little strong arm went to tossing up stones,
Regardless of danger to heads and to bones.

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But alas for poor Johnny, for what do you think!
It happened that one stone, as quick as a wink,
Went whack 'gainst the window of Squire B——'s house,
And poor frightened Johnny wished he were a mouse,
To be able to hide in the first hole he found,
And keep himself hidden 'way under the ground.
For the beautiful window was cracked right in two,
And John, if discovered, would suffer, he knew.

But hark! he hears music away down the street!
He knows there are soldiers, he hears the drums beat!
And Johnny remembers whose birthday it is,
And a sudden resolve lights his pale little phiz.
"They say Mr. Washington ne'er told a lie
When he was a little chap, neither will I!
And maybe some day, when I'm grown up and dead,
Folks will build a big monument over my head!"

Only just a few moments of mute hesitation,
Then, feeling as grand as the "Head of the Nation,"
In walked little Johnny straight up to the squire,
And while he was speaking his courage rose higher.
And presently, when he was back in the street,
Speeding after the soldiers with fast, eager feet,
"Hurrah!" he cried gaily, "for Washington—and I,
For we are the chaps as would not tell a lie!"

A LITTLE HERO.

I WANT all my little friends, and especially the boys, to pay attention to me.

You have often heard of heroes, and you doubtless know the meaning of the word hero. I am

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going to tell of a dear little friend of mine, who showed himself to be one indeed.

While traveling with his mother and others into the mountains to spend the summer, he was often obliged to get out and walk up the steep hills.

You must know they were traveling in a wagon, which was very hard to pull over our mountain roads. Upon coming to one of the hills we all got out to walk (for I was there, my dears), and the boys were to put rocks under the wheels to block them.

My little friend, obeying the call to "give a lift," jumped upon the wheel-spokes, instead of lifting, and was immediately thrown down, the wheel passing over his ankle.

One tiny outcry and all was still.

The men instantly ran around and cried out, "What's the matter?"

My hero quietly replied, "I've been run over."

You may be sure he was tenderly picked up and placed in the arms of his mother; and when she anxiously asked him how he felt, his pale lips made no complaint, but sought to comfort his mother with manly assurances of soon being "all right."

These are the kind of boys of whom God makes noble, highly useful men. Of such brave, determined spirits were the ancient Spartans composed.

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Will you not strive to emulate this bright example? I hope so, my dear little friends.

BREAKING THE SABBATH.

THE Lord has commanded us to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. He intends that we should do no unnecessary work on that day. It is also expected that children will lay aside their playthings and go to Sunday school and meeting. Sometimes children think they can enjoy themselves by going off to play on a Sunday instead of going to meeting as they should. But if they have been taught that it is wrong to spend this holy day in play, they will find that there is no pleasure in so doing. Their consciences will continually remind them that they are doing wrong, and they will feel unhappy.

Let me tell you of a little fellow who learned by sad experience that there was no pleasure for him in breaking the Sabbath:

One Sunday afternoon he decided to go fishing with some other boys instead of attending meeting, as his parents expected him to. Of course the thoughts of disobeying his parents and breaking the Lord's day made him very unhappy. But he went in spite of these unpleasant feelings. He

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thought it would be cowardly of him to not go after promising the boys he would.

At the place where he and the other boys stopped to throw in their lines was a fence running a short distance into the stream. The boy thought it would be a good idea to sit on the part of the fence that overhung the stream and there cast in his line. So he climbed along to the desired point on the fence and there settled himself.

The posts that were in the water happened to be rather loose in the ground, and it required considerable care to keep the fence steady. Before many minutes had passed another lad made an attempt to climb out towards the end of the fence. He did not know it was so unsteady, and almost the first step he took upset the boy who had seated himself on the top of the post that stood farthest into the stream. With a great splash he went to the bottom, head first. The water was not very deep, and he soon managed to get out.

When he got to the shore his companions only laughed at the mishap, thinking it a good joke. He did not consider it any joke, however. He had felt miserable since leaving home, and this greatly added to his discomfort. He had disobeyed his parents, broken the Sabbath, and now he was unable to keep from his parents the knowledge of his disobedience, for he had to go home to get a change

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of clothing. It would be difficult to tell his feelings at this time. You may be sure that he did not soon forget this severe lesson.

When he reflected upon the matter, he recollected several other instances of his disobedience. He also observed that the result in every case was similar—it always caused him considerable mental suffering. He concluded that in the future he would be more careful to obey his parents and avoid breaking the Sabbath.

THE DECEITFUL PLUMS.

TWO travelers were once exploring the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, when they saw before them a fine plum tree, loaded with blooming fruit.

"Let us see who reaches the tree first," said one traveler to the other. Pressing forward eagerly, animated by the hope of the delicious, cooling fruit, they reached it at the same time, and snatching each a fine ripe plum, proceeded at once to eat them. But instead of the cooling juices, they found their mouths filled with bitter, biting dust. Oh, such a coughing and clearing of mouth and throat as followed! But, withal, it was long

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before the nauseous taste was removed. Then they found that they had come upon the famous Dead Sea apple, whose existence has been often doubted; but no doubt would exist henceforth in their minds of its reality.

Just like this Dead Sea fruit is the pleasure which Satan offers the wrong-doer. It appears very beautiful in the distance, and is easy to win. Men struggle and hasten to sieze it, but, when it is reached, it turns to ashes and bitterness.

Did you ever have a happy day when playing truant from school? Did you ever enjoy any pleasure when you knew you were disobeying your parents? Did you ever commit sin of any kind without having more pain and uneasiness than satisfaction? Pleasures you expect from sin, may be fair outside, like the deceitful plums; but, like them, the taste gives no real gratification, and if sin be persisted in, misery and severe punishment are sure to follow.

THE USE OF A GENTLE ANSWER.

OFTEN a civil answer may save you from rudeness and insult. Even rough men are softened by a few sweet, gentle words of a

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child, just as I have read that a little boy was softened by the notes of a bird.

The little boy was playing in the garden, when a litfle bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand.

The boy looked at it for a moment, and then, obeying the promptings of his baser part, he picked up a stone that lay at his feet and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was within an ace of destruction, when lo! its tiny throat swelled and it shook out a flood of sweet notes.

Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again, and when the little warbler had finished his merry piping it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman who had been watching the lad then came to him and asked him:

"Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up with a face of halt shame and half sorrow as he answered,

"I couldn't 'cos he sung so."

The civil words may sometimes save you from damage, just as its sweet song saved the bird.

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TELL THE TRUTH.

IT IS always best to tell the truth. It is much easier to speak truthfully than to say that which is untrue. It needs no study or labor to become honest and truthful. The only way to get respect, and to be trusted, and to live in peace and happiness is by living an honest, upright life. There is nothing gained by telling lies, or by taking a dishonest course in life. Some day our bad actions will become known to others, and they will despise us, and we will be brought to shame and disgrace.

The following incident will show the folly of telling lies:

A little boy who had been sent to school by his parents, one day took it into his head to contrive some way to avoid going to the school room as usual. The only plan he could think of was to tell his parents a lie. The day he did not wish to go to school he pretended that he was not well enough. He spoke in such a whining way that his mother thought there was really something the matter with him, and she allowed him to stay at home for the day.

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It was in the springtime of the year, just the day before closing the school for the summer. The reason he did not want to go that day was because he had been rather careless, and neglected to learn his lessons well; and he did not want to get up and make mistakes, to be laughed at, on this the examination day. He thought the examination would continue for another day and was anxious to stay at home again, but his parents concluded that he was able to go.

He objected to leaving home on the second morning, and it was only after much persuasion that he would start.

When he reached the school-house, which was nearly an hour after the time for commencing school, he was surprised to find it vacant.

He learned from the janitor who lived near by that on the previous day arrangements had been made to spend that day in pic-nicing in a beautiful grove, which was several miles from the school-house. He knew nothing of this until then; as he had not attended the school the day before.

It was now too late. The distance to the grove was too far for him to walk, and he missed this rare treat. It however taught him a useful lesson which he did not soon forget.

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A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

NOT two hundred miles from Salt Lake City, resides a little boy about twelve years of age whose name is Ernest.

I would not like to say that he is such a very exceptionally good boy, who never did any wrong, such as we read about in the little Sabbath school story books, who always die young, as Mark Twain says, and yet this little boy is not a bad boy, and I think he is a pretty good boy, for I heard him say that he wanted to gain an education and grow up a useful man.

He attends his school regularly, and I believe he applies himself tolerably well to his studies.

Not many weeks since, Ernest was wrestling with another boy and accidentally had his hip dislocated.

His mother, who was away from home, was sent for, as well as some of the brethren, who came and replaced the bones in their natural positions. After all was arranged properly and the little boy was quite comfortable, which was accomplished with but little pain or suffering, Ernest whispered to his mother and told her that he knew the reason that he got along so well, and with so little pain and

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suffering: it was because he had, while waiting for her to come after the news of the accident had been sent to her, said his prayers and asked the Lord to bless him and cause that he might not suffer from the effects of the accident. The hip did not swell at all, and in two or three days he was attending school as usual.

Now, this would appear very remarkable to me if I did not know that there is a power in faith, and whether exercised by the Elders who bear the Priesthood or by a child, it is all the same, God is just as willing to hear and answer the prayer of a little boy or girl as any one else. And the young folks among the Latter-day Saints should early cultivate the habit of praying regularly.

How do you suppose this little boy came to think of praying? Why, I will tell you: his mother taught him almost in his infancy that he should pray before retiring to bed at night, and his father attends to family prayer night and morning, asking God's blessing and protecting care upon and around the family from day to day, that no harm or accident may befall them.

I trust that all the little boys and girls and young men and young women who read this will remember the incident, and if they have not heretofore made it a practice to pray night and morning, that they will commence to do so without delay.

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ACTING A LIE.

"ALFRED, how could you tell mother that wrong story?" said Lucy to her brother. "You know you *did* eat one of the apples that were in the fruit dish; yet you told mother you did *not*."

"Now, Lucy, I did not tell any falsehood about it at all. You know mother asked me if I *took* one of the apples from the dish, and I said 'No.' And that was true; for the apple rolled off from the top of the dish when I hit the table, and I picked it up from the floor. Mother did not ask me if I *ate* one, but if I took one from the dish."

"But you know, Alfred, what mother meant; and you know you *deceived* her; and you *meant* to deceive her. And that is *acting* a falsehood, which is just as bad as *telling* a falsehood. If mother had asked you if you had *eaten* the apple, and you had shaken your head, would not that have been telling a falsehood? Certainly it would."

And Lucy was right. God knows *what we mean*, as well as *what we say*. Do you not think an *acted* lie is as wicked in His sight as a spoken lie? And do you not think that Alfred's conscience troubled him? You should never act *one* thing and mean *another*.

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A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN.

"A BARGAIN is a bargain," said John Smith, who had just bought a knife of Willie Reed, and given him a kite for it. But Willie soon found that the kite was broken, and wished to trade back again. "I shall not do it," said John. "You did not *ask* me if the kite was broken; and do you think I would be so foolish as to *tell* you of it? No! A bargain is a bargain."

Yes, so it was a bargain, but a very unfair one. John *deceived* Willie; and if he did not *tell* a falsehood, he *acted* one. Don't you think the knife he got in that way will be apt to cut his fingers?

As George Davis and Charlie Brown were on their way to school one day, Charlie took out of his basket a nice large cake which his mother had given him for his dinner. George offered him a large, red apple for it. "Is it a good apple?" asked Charlie. "Do you think that I would take a poor apple to school for my dinner?" asked George. "I tell you it is a real juicy apple, for I know the tree on which it grew." So Charlie let him have his cake for the apple.

At noon, when Charlie tasted his apple, he found it was so sour that he could not eat it, and

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he wished to trade back again. "No" said George, "I don't trade back. A bargain is a bargain."

So it *was* a bargain, George Davis. But what *kind* of a bargain was it? You *cheated* Charlie, and you *knew* it, and you *meant* to do it. You are not an *honest* boy, and it was not a *fair* trade. I should not wonder if the cake should *choke* you when you eat it.

Mr. Jones went out to buy a horse. He found one that he liked, and that the owner wished to sell; but he determined to purchase him, if possible, for less than he was worth. The owner asked a hundred dollars for him.

"What is the *age* of your horse?" "Eight years old, I believe," said the man. "That is what the person from whom I bought him told me." "Eight years old? Why, he is certainly more than *twelve*. See how his teeth are worn down."

The owner could not be positive as to his age. "And besides," said Mr. Jones, "he seems a little stiff in the joints. He carries his head badly, and is too hard upon the bit, and I don't like the color. If he were a bright bay, I would give much more for him. I am willing to pay all he is worth, but I can't think of offering you more than seventy-five dollars."

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Thus he cheapens the animal as much below his real worth as he can. The owner cannot afford to keep the horse. He is in want of money, and must take what he can get. So Mr. Jones buys the horse for seventy-five dollars; but when he has taken the horse home, he boasts what a good bargain he has made.

A man very much like Mr. Jones is described in the Book of Proverbs, the twentieth chapter, and fourteenth verse: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

"I would not sell that horse for one hundred and fifty dollars," says Mr. Jones. "He is of the right age, and just what I want. I am suited with him in *every* respect."

"But how *cheap* you bought him, Mr. Jones. Did not you cheat the man?"

"Cheat him; Oh no! A bargain is a bargain. Every one must look out for himself, you know."

"But, Mr. Jones, were you honest when you told the owner that the *horse* was certainly twelve years old? Did you not like the color of the horse? Were you willing to pay all he was worth to you? Ah, Mr. Jones, I am afraid that will be a hard-backed horse for you to ride.

"And then again he is so stiff in the joints that he may stumble, and throw you, or what is still

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worse, he is so hard upon the bit that he may run away with you. Are you not sorry that you bought so bad a horse, Mr. Jones?"

IN SERCH OF A BOY.

BOYS can learn a good lesson from this story if they will heed it.

A gentleman wanted a trusty boy. His friend came to his office one day, saying, "I've got a boy for you—smart, active, intelligent, just the boy that will please you."

"Who is he?" said the gentleman. The friend told his name. Just at that minute the boy passed the window, and was pointed out to him.

"Don't want him," said the gentleman; "he has a bad mark; I met him the other day with a cigar in his mouth. I do not want a smoker."

While they were talking another gentleman entered the office.

"I understand that you want a good, trusty boy, Mr. ——?"

"Yes, sir; have you got one for me?"

"I think I have," he replied.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, "what do you know of him?"

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"I don't know much," said the other; "he is in my Sabbath school, always has his lessons, and never smokes."

"He is the boy for me. The boy that gets his Sabbath school lesson and never smokes can be trusted."

THE YOUNG GALLEY-SLAVE.

A YOUNG man was once condemned for some offense to serve at the galleys in one of the sea-ports of France. Such persons are called *galley-slaves*, and their punishment is to serve as oarsmen on board of a galley, or large government boat.

The young man here referred to seized the opportunity, which occurred at night, to run away. Being strong and vigorous, he soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit.

Arriving the next morning before a peasant's cottage in an open field, he stopped to beg something to eat, and find a refuge while he rested a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner—their mother was weeping, and the father was walking the floor in agony.

The young galley-slave asked what was the

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matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and little children will soon be without food and shelter, and I am without the means to provide any for them."

As the convict listened to this tale the tears started in his eyes.

"I will give you the means to provide for your family," he then said. "I have just escaped from the galleys; and whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner will receive a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city; they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener. "My children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing!"

But the generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After much hesitation the latter yielded, and, taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office.

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Everybody was surprised that a little man, like the peasant, had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner was sent back to the galleys.

After he had gone the peasant asked to see the mayor in private, and told him the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs to the peasant's purse, but wrote to the minister of justice, begging the young prisoner's release.

The minister examined into the affair and finding that the young man had been condemned to the galleys for a small offense, and that he had already served out half of his time, ordered his release.

Was not this a noble deed of self-denial and charity on the part of the young man? And it not only benefited others, but it benefited *himself* also. Can you explain how it benefited himself?

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

ONE day the Rev. M. Adams went into an infant school in Boston. He had been there before, and had told the children they might

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ask him any question that they pleased, whenever he came to see them.

"Please to tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by *overcoming evil with good.*" The minister began to explain it, when a little incident occurred, which gave him the best explanation he could wish.

A boy about seven years of age was sitting beside his little sister, who was only six years old. As the minister was talking, George, for that was the boy's name, got angry with his sister about something, doubled up his fist and struck her on the head.

The little girl was just going to strike him back again, when the teacher, seeing it, said, "My dear Mary, can't you kiss your brother? See how angry and unhappy he looks."

Mary looked at her brother. He looked sullen and wretched. Her resentment was soon gone, and love for her brother returned to her heart. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

The poor boy was wholly unprepared for so kind a return for his blow. He could not resist the gentle affection of his sister. He was wholly overcome, and he burst into tears, sobbing violently.

His gentle sister took the corner of her apron wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him

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by saying, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much." But he only wept the more. No wonder; it was enough to make anybody weep.

But why did George weep? Poor little fellow! Would he have wept if his sister had struck him in return? Not he. But by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more deeply than if she had beaten him black and blue.

Here was a *kiss for a blow*—love for anger; and all the school saw at once what was meant by "*overcoming evil with good.*"

CHARLIE PORTER.

ONE day, while the teacher was engaged in the school room, he heard the breaking of a pane of glass in one of the windows. He knew it must have been done by one of the children on the playground. He thought he would say nothing about it at the time, but wait and see if the child who did it would come and tell him of it.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour Charlie Porter, a little boy between five and six years of age, came in trembling with fear, and going up to the teacher, said to him, "Sir, a little boy in the play-ground broke a window."

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Here Charlie paused, and looked up to the teacher as if he did not know what to say next. The teacher took his little trembling hand in his own, and Charlie continued, "It was with a stone he broke it, but he did not mean to do it."

Here Charlie made another pause, and again looked up to the teacher's face; but seeing no signs of severity there, he took courage. "It was I who broke it," said he; "I am very sorry indeed, so I am."

The teacher kissed the child and told him he was a good boy for telling the truth. He said to him, also, that he must be very careful about throwing stones. Charlie promised that he would be, and went away feeling very happy.

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

IN a valley was a meeting of waters.

One was crystal-like in its clearness, for its home was in the living rock of the mountain side and its course through sunny pasture lands and verdant meadows. No shadow fell on its bosom but that of the foliage on its banks and no life did it see but of nature. The beauty that it knew was in the flowers it watered, the sounds that floated over it, were from nature's choristers—the birds

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—and the wind that rippled its waters was fresh and pure from the leafy woodland. Need we marvel at its crystal clearness?

The waters of the other stream were dark and tainted.

Its way lay through the city and it partook of the impurities of the place whence it came.

In a valley these waters meet.

Does the one black scum of the city grow pure when mingled with the translucent waters of the country meadows? No; the purity is lost and they flow on together—a stream of murky water.

So often is the contrast between two lives.

As a stream must partake of the impurities of its course, so through association a character may remain spotless or grow dark by sin.

A boy or girl surrounded by contaminating influences cannot keep his or her nature free from these effects.

A country girl may not have what is generally termed companionship, but better is a life of isolation than for her spotlessness to be brought into contact with the impurities of some social circles. Communing only with nature and nature's God, her character will be as pure as the limpid waters of our country streams.

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DOING WELL.

EVERYONE when told to do anything should try to do his work as nicely as he can.

Let me tell you about a little incident that once happened. Try to imagine what kind of a man the boy I am going to tell about would make if he does not change his ways. I am sure none of you want to be like him.

"What are you doing, Jacob?" said Mr. Myers to Jacob Stearns, who was hoeing corn in a field adjoining the road.

The question was not asked for information, but as the commencement of a conversation. Mr. Myers was fond of conversing with young people, and loved to try to do them good.

"I am hoeing corn," said Jacob.

"I see; but have you hoed those rows?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are a good many weeds left in the hills and between the rows. There should be no weeds left where the hoe has been."

"I am not trying to hoe it very well."

"Why not?"

"Because—because the corn will grow without it."

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Jacob hesitated in giving a reason, simply because he had no reason to give.

"You have heard the old proverb—whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. You should either hoe the corn well, or not at all. You should never do anything without trying to do it well."

"I don't mean to be a farmer. If I meant to be a farmer, then there would be a reason for my doing all things relating to farming well."

"What do you mean to be?"

"I mean to be a professional man. I mean to get an education. When I begin my education, I will do everything relating to it as well as I possibly can."

"My young friend, you have already begun your education, and you are carrying on the process every day."

"I am not studying now. I am going to begin next fall."

"The process of education it not confined to study. That is only part of the process. Education consists in the formation of character—in the formation of habits. One important habit is the habit of doing things thoroughly—of doing things in the best possible way. You are forming this habit or the opposite one in all that you do. When-

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ever you do anything carelessly you are injuring your habits."

"I thought if I studied to become a first-rate scholar I should be an educated man."

"To be a well-educated man, one must do whatever he does in a first-rate manner. It is only men who are first-rate that will command any high success in life. The word of God gives the best possible rules for education, as it does for everything else relating to the soul. The Bible says, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' that is, do it diligently and as perfectly as possible. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do'—that includes hoeing corn, as well as studying. The Bible would, therefore, have everyone a first-rate man in his calling."

THE BOY AND THE DUKE.

HONESTY is the best policy, is an old proverb, you know. We sometimes think it is repeated to young people too often; and that they may feel influenced to be honest *from policy merely*, and not from principle. To be honest from policy is to be honest because you will make something by such a course; to be honest from principle is

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to be honest because you believe honesty is *right.* What the old proverb means, though, we suppose is that it is always the best policy to do right. It surely is, in the long run. Be honest, therefore, but have a principle under your policy.

The following anecdote well illustrates the beauty of honesty.

One day the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next morning. Early in the morning the duke was taking a walk in a very common dress. As he went along he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy, not knowing the duke, called out to him in broad Scotch accent,

"Hie, mun, come here, and gie's a han' wi' this beast."

The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, and as sure as I git anything I'll *gie ye half I get.*"

The duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

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"I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o'something, for the folks at the big house are guid to a' bodies."

As they came to a lane near the house the duke slipped away from the boy and entered by a different way. Calling his butler, he put a sovereign in his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane, where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's half o' it to ye."

"But surely you had more than a shilling," said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a' I got; and d' ye not think it's a plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke; "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you will return I think I'll get you more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there with the apron," said he, pointing to the butler.

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The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign and quit his service immediately.

"You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation and your character by your deceitfulness. Learn for the future, that *honesty is the best policy.*"

The boy now found out who it was that helped him drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy that he sent him to school and provided for him at his own expense.

HONOR TO PARENTS.

MY little readers well know that the Lord commands us to honor our fathers and mothers. If we do so, He has promised to bless us. He not only blesses us with long life, but often rewards us in various other ways.

A little anecdote is told of the manner in which Frederick the Great once rewarded one of his poor subjects for his obedience to this righteous law.

Frederick was one of the greatest generals and rulers Germany ever produced; still he was not

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too proud to talk with and encourage his countrymen in doing right.

One day he was out riding and happened to come to a place where a poor man was breaking stones by the roadside. The king stopped and asked, "My good man, can you earn a living at such work?"

The man looked up with a cheerful countenance and said, "Sir, I am not only able to support myself and family, but can also pay interest on a debt I owe, and lay something aside for my old age."

Frederick was very much surprised at this answer, and desired the laborer to explain how he could do so much with the small wages he daily received. This was the answer:

"The interest I pay is on the debt I owe and always will owe my aged parents for their kindness to me in past years; and that which I am laying aside for my old age is the education I am giving my children, for which they will be thankful to me in after years."

The king was so much pleased with the answer that he gave the poor man a purse of money, remarking at the same time, "Continue in your good work, because while doing so you are serving your king, your country and your God."

Now, in telling you this, my little readers, I do not want you to get the idea that you should re-

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ceive some earthly pay for being obedient to your parents. You always will be in debt to them, and should, therefore, try in every way to do them good, even if you cannot ever fully repay their many acts of kindness. Try this course, and your heart will be filled with joy, the Lord will bless your labors, and you will gain eternal riches.

THE HUMMING BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice; never insult the humble, as they may, some day, become your superiors."

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A STREET INCIDENT.

LITTLE friends, if you wish to be happy, and to be loved, try to act and feel like the kind boy told about in this little story.

A New York reporter called to a little bootblack near the City Hall the other day to give him a shine. Before he could get his brushes out, another large boy ran up, and calmly pushing the little one aside said:

"Here, you go sit down Jimmy."

The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of meanness, and sharply told the new-comer to clear out.

"Oh! dat's all right, boss," was the reply, "I'm only goin' to do it fur him. You see he's been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can.

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy; and as he looked up, the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead;" and as the bootblack

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plied the brush, the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way!"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turn in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet yer life I don't keep none. I ain't no such sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying,

"I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents, and give the rest to Jimmy there."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here Jim!"

He threw him the coin, and was off like a shot after a customer for himself, a veritable rough diamond. In this big city there are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.

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THE PIG AND THE HEN.

THE pig and the hen,
Both got in one pen,
And the hen said she wouldn't go out,
"Mistress hen," says the pig,
"Don't you be quite so big!"
And he gave her a push with his snout.

"You are rough, and you're fat,
But who cares for all that;
I will stay if I choose," says the hen.
"No, mistress, no longer!"
Says pig; "I'm the stronger,
And mean to be boss of my pen!"

Then the hen cackl'd out
Just as close to his snout
As she dare: "You're an ill-natured brute;
And if I had the corn,
Just as sure as I'm born,
I would send you to starve or to root!"

"But you don't own the cribs,
So I think that my ribs
Will be never the leaner for you:
This trough is my trough,
And the sooner you're off,"
Says the pig, "why the better you'll do!"

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"You're not a bit fair,
And you're cross as a bear;
What harm do I do in your pen?
But a pig is a pig,
And I don't care a fig
For the worst you can say," says the hen.

Says the pig, "You will care
If I *act* like a bear
And tear your two wings from your neck."
"What a nice little pen
You have got!" says the hen,
Beginning to scratch and to peck.

Now the pig stood amazed,
And the bristles, upraised
A moment passed, fell down so sleek.
"Neighbor Biddy," says he,
"If you'll just allow me,
I will show you a nice place to pick."

So she followed him off,
And they ate from one trough—
They had quarrelled for nothing, they saw;
And when they had fed,
"Neighbor hen," the pig said,
"Won't you stay here and roost in my straw?"

"No, I thank you; you see
That I sleep in a tree,"
Says the hen; "but I *must* go away;
So a grateful good-bye"—
"Make your home in my sty,"
Says the pig, and come in ev'ry day."

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Now my child will not miss
The true moral of this
Little story of anger and strife;
For a word spoken soft
Will turn enemies oft
Into friends that will stay friends for life.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

MANY of you, perhaps, have heard or read the fable about the sun and the wind. The sun and the wind each claimed to be most powerful, and to prove which was stronger a trial was proposed.

The one that could the most easily compel a man to part with his cloak was to be considered the most powerful. So to decide the matter the wind started its work. It blew upon the man to force his cloak from his back, but the harder it blew the tighter the man held to his cloak and drew it around him to keep warm. So the wind failed to get the man to drop his cloak. But when the sun began to shine upon him and warm him he willingly took off the cloak, for he had no need of wearing it. It was therefore decided that the sun was the stronger of the two.

This fable is intended to teach the fact that it is better to persuade than to use force.

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There are many examples that might be mentioned to prove that kindness is more powerful than harshness. A little incident that came to our notice will show this fact. A young man who had been ordained a Deacon in one of our settlements was once very much annoyed, while sitting in meeting attending the door and seating the people, by a noise outside. The disturbance was caused by a group of young men talking and laughing, not far from the meeting house. His first thought on stepping outside the door was to use severe means to quiet them. He felt like catching one of them, or as many of them as he could manage, and give them a thrashing. But on second thought he believed it would be better to go to them kindly and remind them that they were disturbing the meeting. He concluded to do so, and going to where they stood he in a very pleasant voice told them that their talking was so loud that it was annoying the people in the meeting, and asked them if they would not please to move a little farther away or go inside the meeting room.

The boys at once realized that it was very rude of them to act as they had and apologized humbly for their conduct, and quietly went away.

Had the young Deacon got angry and made threats it is quite likely they would have answered

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by defying him, and they would have become more noisy than before. But as it was they were quieted without any trouble, and those boys always afterwards had a good feeling towards the young Deacon, who sought to perform his duty in a gentlemanly manner and they respected him in his office.

Children, when you are tempted to use harsh words or actions, just think of this incident and try mild persuasion first, and you will be sure to find it the best plan.

INGRATITUDE.

THE word gratitude means to be grateful or thankful.

Ingratitude means ungrateful or unthankful. How bad it is to be unthankful for a kindness shown us!

The following story should teach ns to be careful how we treat others. Even if a person has done nothing for us, it is wrong for us to ill treat him.

While a party of school-boys were playing on the village green, an omnibus stopped in the road near by, and the lads gathered round it to see the passengers. Their attention was drawn to one

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man who seemed to have great difficulty in alighting. When he had done so it was seen that he was greatly deformed. His legs and arms were bent and crippled. The boys were so amused that they followed him, calling him names; and one of them, Charlie Purdy, tormented the poor man, and said they would know him for the future as "The old sack of bones." But soon they tired of this cruel diversion, and returned to their more innocent play. As the evening drew near, they dispersed to their homes. Charlie lived quite close to the village, and as he entered the house he met his father coming in search of him.

"Here, Charlie," he said; "I have been looking for you. I want to introduce you to the man who saved your life."

They entered the drawing-room; and imagine the boy's surprise when he beheld the crippled gentleman, who said to him in a kind voice:

"Come here, my boy; how much you have grown!"

Charlie in his confusion, wished he were far away to hide his blushes, as his father related to him that, while he was a little boy, this gentleman had saved him from drowning and had become crippled during the rheumatic fever, which followed consequent on the wetting.

How base is ingratitude! Charlie rightly felt

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that his offense against his benefactor was one of double enormity, peculiarly despicable as well as cruel. So we act toward God when we offend Him. He is our greatest and constant benefactor.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

SUCH was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her, no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother of."

Noble resolve, and one which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell mother.

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GEORGE'S ERROR.

THE following incident which occurred some years ago shows that many of the follies common among boys in these days were also practiced then; and it also shows one very effective way of impressing boys with the wickedness of having fun which works injury or pain to others:

George was the name of a thoughtless little boy whose parents were quite wealthy, and did a great deal for his comfort and pleasure. He was not naturally wicked but often did things that were very wrong.

One day as he and his companions were going home from school they saw a gentleman passing quietly along the street. He was dressed in ordinary working clothes, and they therefore took the liberty of making him the object of their cruel sport.

"Let's have some fun," said one of the boys.

"Very well, what is it?" all exclaimed.

"Why see who can come nearest to hitting that man."

With this all picked up rocks and threw at the gentleman, the one George threw happening to strike him on the leg. The gentleman limped

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for a short distance, but further than that seemed to take no notice of the cruel act.

The boys were delighted with their deed, and laughed heartily as they took their different ways for home. George's humor, however soon turned to soberness, for as he reached his father's gate he was met by his sister who said her uncle had come to visit them, but while on his way through the street he had been hit with a stone thrown by some naughty boy. Immediately George felt condemned and hesitated about going into the house until his father called him.

No sooner had he entered and met his uncle's gaze before the latter said, "This is the boy who hit me with a rock."

The parents could scarcely believe that George had been so wicked, but when they knew the truth his father said, "Well, George, your uncle brought a nice watch for you, but because of your folly and rudeness, it shall be given to your brother. Let this lesson cause you to remember that it is your duty to be genteel and kind to everyone."

George's error gave him a good lesson.

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A LESSON IN HONESTY.

ONE of the brethren who has served a term of imprisonment in the Utah penitentiary learned a lesson in honesty from his father when a mere child, six years of age, the remembrance of which has remained with him ever since.

One Sabbath he was sent with his sister to the Methodist chapel in the vicinity where he lived in England. As was customary, the pews of the various churches were provided with hymn and text books for the accommodation of the worshipers. The little boy, seeing a beautifully bound hymn book lying there, apparently without any owner, took possession of it and carried it home with him. Here it was proudly exhibited to the parents as quite a valuable find. The father, however, was doubtful about the finding of the book, and on inquiry learned that it had been found in the pew of the church.

"Now," said he, on hearing this, "you found that book before it was lost. You must take it back and place it exactly where you found it."

This was rather a damper on the boy's joyful

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feelings, and when a slight reluctance on his part to comply was exhibited, the father added,

"If you make an objection to doing as I say, I will flog you and then compel you to do it. Furthermore, if you are ever guilty of finding anything again where it is not lost, I will whip you to that extent that you will never forget it."

The little boy, therefore, though crestfallen, trudged back to the church and placed the book where it belonged, the father going with him to see that his commands were faithfully fulfilled.

This lesson was one which the son through all the intervening years since the occurrence has never forgotten, and from that moment he was very careful not to find things in places where they were not lost.

THE APPLE IN THE BOTTLE.

ON the mantle-piece of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a phial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle; and my childish wonderment constantly was, "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottle would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass through-

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out the length of the phial. I was satisfied by careful observation, that neither of these theories could be supported; and the apple remained to me a puzzle and a mystery.

One day, walking in the garden, I saw it all. There, on a tree, was a phial tied, and within it a tiny apple which was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little and it grew thus.

More than thirty years ago we tried this experiment with a cucumber. We laid a large bottle upon the ground by a hill of cucumbers, and placed a tiny cucumber in the bottle, to see what would be the result. It grew till it filled the bottle, when we cut it off from the stem, and then filled the bottle with alcohol and corked it up tight. We have it now, all as fresh, with the little prickers on it, as it was when first corked up.

So sins will grow, if allowed, in the hearts of children, and cannot be easily removed when they have their growth.

HAVING SOME FUN.

"NOW, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Frank to his playmates,

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who had come together one bright moonlight evening for sliding and snow-balling.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You will see," said Frank. "Who has a wood saw?"

"I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, then, and you and Fred and Tom each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in ten minutes."

The boys all started to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws and axes and shovels could be in play. But Frank was much liked by all the boys and they fully believed in what he said and were soon together again.

"Now," said he, "Widow Brown, who lives in that little house over there, has gone to sit up all night with a sick child.

"A man brought her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that, unless she got some one to saw it to-night she would not have anything to make a fire with in the morning.

"Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easily as we could make a snow-man on her door-step, and when she comes home she will be greatly surprised."

One or two of the boys said they did not care

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to go, but most of them thought it would be fine fun.

It was not a long and tiresome job for seven strong and healthy boys to saw, split and pile up the widow's half cord of wood, and to shovel a good path.

When they had done this so great was their pleasure that one of them, who had at first said he would not go, proposed that they should go to a carpenter shop near by, where plenty of shavings could be had, and that each should bring an armful.

They all agreed to do this, and when they had brought the shavings they went to their several homes, more than pleased with the fun of the evening.

The next morning, when the tired widow returned from watching by the sick-bed and saw what was done, she was indeed surprised, and wondered who could have been so kind.

Afterward when a friend told her how it was done, her earnest prayer, "God bless the boys!" was enough of itself to make them happy.

WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN.

AND do you think that you are a gentleman? Why? Is it because you carry a little dandy

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cane, smoke cigars and wear your hat on the side of your head? Is that the way to be a gentleman? Read the following story and decide what it is that makes the gentleman:

One afternoon last spring there had been a sudden gust of wind and a slight shower of rain. But the clouds soon passed away. The sun shone out brightly and the rain-drops sparkled like diamonds on the trees of Boston Common.

The Boston boys love the Common, and well they may; for where could they find a more glorious playground? During the shower the boys had taken shelter under the trees; as soon as it had passed they resumed their amusements.

On one of the crossings or walks appeared a small, plainly-dressed old woman, with a cane in one hand and a large green umbrella in the other. She was bent with age and infirmity, and walked slowly.

The green umbrella was open and turned up in the most comical manner. The wind had suddenly reversed it, without the consent or knowledge of the old lady, and she now held it in one hand, like a huge flower with a long stalk.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried one of the boys, pointing to the umbrella. "Mammoth cabbages for sale! Mammoth cabbages!"

The whole rabble of boys joined in the cry and

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ran hooting after the poor old woman. She looked at them with great wonder and endeavored to hasten her tottering footsteps.

They still pursued her, and at length began pelting with pebbles the standing umbrella, some crying "Mammoth cabbages" and others "New fashioned sunshades."

She turned again and said, with tears in her eyes, "What have I done, my little lads, that you should thus trouble me?"

"It is a shame," said a neatly-dressed, fine-looking boy, who rushed through the crowd to the rescue of the poor old woman.

"Madam," said he, "your umbrella was turned by the wind. Will you allow me to close it for you?"

"I thank you," she replied. "Then that is what those boys are hooting at! Well, it does look funny," added she, as she looked at the cause of their merriment. The kind-hearted boy endeavored to turn down the umbrella, but it was no easy task; the whalebones seemed obstinately bent on standing upright.

The boys now changed the subject of their attack, and the pebbles rattled like hail upon the manly fellow who was struggling to relieve the poor woman from her awkward predicament.

"You are a mean fellow to spoil our fun," said

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they; "but you can't come it; cabbage leaves will grow upward."

He, however, at length succeeded, and, closing the troublesome umbrella, handed it to the old woman with a polite bow.

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand thanks, sir," said she; "and I should like to know your name, that I may repay you whenever I can find an opportunity."

"By no means," replied he. "I am happy to have rendered you this trifling service;" and he walked away.

"Well," said she, "whoever you are, your father and mother have reason to be proud of you, for you are a gentleman—a perfect gentleman."

And so he was a gentleman, and I wish I could tell you his name, that you may see if my prophecy does not prove true.

"Manners make the man," you may often have written in very legible characters in your copy books. They certainly do go very far toward making the gentleman. But a true gentleman must have a good heart also.

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ONLY A GRAIN OF SAND.

A MAN who for years had carried an old and cherished watch about him, one day called upon its maker and told him it was no longer useful, for it would not keep time correctly.

"Let me examine it," said the maker; and taking a powerful glass, he looked carefully and steadily into the works, until he spied just one little grain of sand.

"I have it," he said; "I can get over your difficulty. There is a grain of sand here."

"Why, sir," said the man, who stood by while the watchmaker removed the atom, and noticed it was so small it could only be seen through the magnifier, "how can such a little thing disturb the whole machinery? May it not be that the works are defective in some way?"

"No, I am quite sure there is nothing else wrong. That little grain did all the mischief; and it is the more troublesome that it is so small, for it can work itself into places otherwise proof against disturbance, and where it is hard to be discovered or dislodged."

Thus it is in the home. One cross feeling, one

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hasty word, or one angry look may mar the happiness of the household. Like the tiny grain of sand it is hardly noticeable, but it clogs the good feelings and gentleness that should have full play in the home circle. Always remember this lesson and avoid saying angry or cross words, which will be sure to have their effect to work an injury, like the grain of sand in the watch.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"MAMMA," said my little Charley, "now that I have a new sled, what shall I do with the old one?" His face wore a puzzled look for a little while, when a thought struck him. "Mamma, there's a chance to do something—real good, too. What's the use talking so much about a thing and never doing it?"

"What, Charley?"

"Well, mamma, if there's any boy in the world I *hate*, that boy's Sim Tyson. He's always plaguing and teasing me and all the other little boys, either taking our things from us, or pretending that he's going to. It never does any good to get *cross;* for that's just what he likes; but, better even than this, Sim *does* like a sled; and—well, maybe it's foolish—but I've half a notion to give that old sled

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to him. It might make him *think*, and so do him good. Mightn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, it *might*," said the mother.

So Sim got Charley's sled, which pleased and touched him beyond everything; and they do say he is kinder, not only to the little boys, but to everybody, than he was before.

THE SUNDAY STONE.

IN a coal mine in England, we are told, there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and as the water passes off, these become hard and form the limestone.

This stone would always be white, like white marble, were it not that men are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed. Now, in the night, when there is no coal-dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on alternately black and white through the week until Sabbath comes. Then if the miners keep holy the Sabbath,

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a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and the whole day and night of the Sabbath, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if the men work on the Sabbath, they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it "the Sunday stone." How they need to be very careful to observe this holy day, when they would see their violation of God's command thus written down in stone—an image of the indellible record in heaven!

A LOSING GAME.

THIS story again shows plainly the benefit of being honest. The only true way to succeed in business and in life is to be truthful and trustworthy.

Two boys were seated at their little stalls selling their different wares to customers. One passed off as "fresh" an article which would be found quite stale when it came to be eaten. He made a good profit and exulted over his sale. His neighbor had but one melon left, and on a gentleman inquiring its price, he honestly turned the melon over and showed him a defect in it.

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Of course it was not bought, but the man looked keenly at the boy, commended his honesty, and told him he should deal with him again.

"What a fool you were," said the other boy; "you'll have that melon left on your hands for your pains. My stand is clear," and he rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"That may be," said the other, "but I have only done what was right and honest. Then, too, I have gained a customer, while you have lost one."

ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.

A BOY watched a large building as the workmen from day to day carried the bricks and mortar.

My son, said his father, you seem much interested in the bricklayers. Do you think of learning that trade?

"No," he replied; "I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is in all great works; all your learning is but one great lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world it would be by putting

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one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of a succession of moments, learn from this not to despise little things. Be not discouraged by great labors. They become easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the large building rose by laying one brick upon another."

"ONLY MOTHER."

I HOPE none of the boys or girls who hear this story are so heartless as the boy of which it tells. But as a warning to them it is well to read and remember it.

"Where are you, Harry?" "What do you want?" said a very cross little voice. "Why, Harry, my dear, where are you?" "I am up here in the barn hunting for eggs! What do you want now?" the childish voice asked, louder and more harshly than before.

"I want to see you, Harry; won't you please come here a minute?"

"No, I won't!"

"Don't you know who I am, Harry? I'm Cousin Jennie."

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"Oh, Cousin Jennie, is it you? I'm so glad you've come. I'll come down just as quick as I can."

Now the little voice was so sweet and loving you would have been sure if you had been there that two little boys had been in the barn.

Harry came down, his pretty face dimpling and smiling. He ran up to the young lady, waiting, and put his soft, pink cheek against hers.

"You were so nice to come and see me," he said; "you'll tell me a long story, won't you?"

"Why, Harry, you frightened me. I didn't know you could ever say such cross words. I thought a little bear was up there growling. Whom did you think I was, Harry?"

"Oh, I thought it was only mother."

Only mother!—could words be more cruel?

"Oh, Harry Summers! what can it be that your mother has done?"

"Why, nothing—nothing—only she is my mother, you know."

That was a year ago or more. Harry can never say "only mother" now. His kind, good mother has gone away forever, and people say that one of the chief causes of her death was sorrow over the ungrateful conduct of her children.

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HOW TOM GOT INTO TROUBLE.

TOM was quite as meddlesome as little Millie who broke her grandmother's spectacles and got snuff into her eyes. He could never leave anything alone.

"Some day you will meddle too much," said his mother, "and then you will be sorry."

But Tom did not mind. Other people did, for Tom did a great deal of mischief in one way and another.

If his mother laid down her knitting work for a moment, he would pull out the needles in order to see the little loops.

If his sister's worsted work was on the table he began working at it and was sure to spoil it. If the gardener was weeding Tom said he would weed too, and pulled up more flowers than weeds, which made the gardener very angry.

Then in the nursery, if he found the little ones playing cars, he would interfere and place the chairs another way, and would insist on being the conductor himself. Then the little ones would cry and nurse would be angry and send Tom out of the nursery.

But one day Tom met with a punishment. He

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had been peeping about and listening, and hearing of some wonderful machine that his father had just received.

"I must go and have a look at it," said Tom to himself. And down he went to his father's study to see what the machine was like.

He opened the door very softly, and there stood the wonderful machine, with chains and handles and plates, most tempting to behold.

Tom rubbed his hands and smiled. "I might take it to pieces," he said, "and put it together again without any one knowing."

So he got upon a chair, and kneeling down, took a chain handle in each hand.

"Capital!" he was going to say, but instead of finishing the word, he cried out, "Oh, oh, oh!" and screamed so loud that every one ran to see what was the matter.

For no sooner had Tom taken hold of the handles than he felt as if pins and needles were pricking him, and he could not take his hands away, the handles seemed to keep them fast. "Oh, oh, oh!" yelled Tom.

"Ah!" said his father, "you have punished yourself at last. This is a galvanic battery."

Tom did not know what a galvanic battery was, but he made up his mind not to meddle with one again.

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When his father had loosed his hands Tom crept away to his room, without stopping to say a word, not caring to hear their laughter and the jokes that were made upon him.

The galvanic battery had done its work well. Tom's feelings had been touched in a manner that surprised him.

He was told that there were other machines in the world more dangerous than galvanic batteries, and he believed it.

Tom had learned a lesson and one that he was likely to remember. He never again meddled with anything he did not understand.

SPEAK KINDLY.

A YOUNG lady had gone out walking. She forgot to take her purse with her and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of book marks, watch cases, needle books, etc.

"I'm sorry I can't buy anything today," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment

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and spoke a few kind words to the little girl; and then as she passed she said again, "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you today."

"O miss!" said the little girl, "you've done me as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly and gently to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was considering the poor. How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give them our sympathy.

THE INVALID AND THE VIOLINIST.

AN OLD and infirm soldier was playing his violin one evening on the Prater, in Vienna. His faithful dog was holding his hat, in which passers-by dropped a few coppers as they came along. However, on the evening in question nobody stopped to put a small coin into the poor old fellow's hat. Every one went straight on, and the gaiety of the crowd added to the sorrow in the old soldier's heart, and showed itself in his withered countenance.

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However, all at once, a well-dressed gentleman came up to where he stood, listened to his playing for a few minutes, and gazed compassionately upon him. Ere long the old fiddler's weary hand had no longer strength to grasp his bow. His limbs refused to carry him farther. He seated himself on a stone, rested his head on his hands, and began silently to weep. At that instant the gentleman approached, offered the old man a piece of gold, and said: "Lend me your violin a little while."

Then, having carefully tuned it, he said: "You take the money and I'll play."

He *did* play! All the passers-by stopped to listen—struck with the distinguished air of the musician and captivated by his marvelous genius. Every moment the circle became larger and larger. Not copper alone, but silver—and even gold—was dropped into the poor man's hat. The dog began to growl, for it was becoming too heavy for him to hold. At an invitation from the audience, the invalid emptied its contents into his sack, and they filled it again.

After a national melody, in which everyone present joined, with uncovered heads, the violinist placed the instrument upon the poor man's knees, and, without waiting to be thanked, disappeared.

"Who is it?" was asked on all sides.

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"It is Armand Boucher, the famous violin player," replied some one in the crowd. "He has been turning his art to account in the service of charity. Let us follow his example."

And the speaker sent round his hat also, made a new collection, and gave the proceeds to the invalid, crying, "Long live Boucher!"

Deeply affected, the invalid lifted up his hands and eyes towards heaven and invoked God's blessing on his benefactor.

That evening there were two happy men in Vienna—the invalid, placed for a long time above the reach of want, and the generous artist, who felt in his heart the joy which always repays the bestowal of charity.

BE PLEASANT.

"MOTHER'S cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing; but she looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went

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with her. "'The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross.' Sure enough," thought she; "that would be the time it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous, that if anybody spoke to me I could hardly help being cross, and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now; and I will." And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby. Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one. He stopped fretting and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips. "Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother, it is such a nice morning?" she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would!" said her mother.

The little hat and sacque were brought, and baby soon was ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The

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tears rose to her eyes and her voice trembled as she answered, "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour, and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk! She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier and given her time to rest. She resolved always to remember and act upon her aunt's good word: "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."

TOM'S LESSON.

"GO and get it? Go and get it, I say!" Poor little Dash crept close to his young master's feet, looking up in his face with earnest, pleading eyes, as if he would say, "Please, please don't! I cannot do what you want."

Tom was trying to make Dash swim after a stick which he had just thrown into the river. Now, Dash was not a water dog, having no more love

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for it than a cat, and foolish Tom was bent on making him one! He kicked the poor little animal away and repeated his order; then, angry that it was not obeyed, seized him and threw him into the water. The dog was sorely frightened, but by hard struggling reached the bank and crawled to his master's feet with a pitiful whine, wet, panting, trembling. The cruel boy caught him up with rough words, and was just going to throw him in again, when a pair of strong arms seized him and a man's voice said, "Here, you young scamp! Now we'll see how you like to swim!"

It was Tom's turn to be frightened. He turned pale, trembled and caught his breath as the stranger lifted him in his stout arms as easily as he had poor Dash; he began to beg. "Oh, sir, pray don't! I cannot swim, indeed I cannot! Oh, don't throw me into the water! I will never, never do so again."

The man paused, but did not let go his hold.

"Neither can your dog swim," said he; "but you mean to make him do it, just to amuse yourself. Why can I not make you do it to amuse me? I am as much larger and stronger than you, as you are larger and stronger than that poor, panting, trembling dog."

Tom still begged and promised, and the stranger

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at last let him go, saying; "Now, my boy, let me give you a kind word of advice. Never treat another, whether human being or dumb animal, as you would not like to be treated yourself. Never try to make anybody or anything do what God, when He created it, did not make it to do, or to be what He did not mean it to be. If you keep these rules you will be a better, wiser, happier boy. Good-bye."

And Tom knew in his heart that the man was right, and the lesson, though it seemed severe, had been given in kindness.

THE LION AND MOUSE.

A LESSON is conveyed in the following fable, which our young readers will do well to remember:

A lion had lain down to sleep in the forest, and some mice running over him broke his rest. Starting up and getting one of them under his paw, he was about to crush it to death, when the mouse asked for pardon in very moving terms. It begged him not to stain his good name with the blood of so humble a creature as itself; and the lion, after a moment's thought, had pity on the little trembling thing, and let it go unharmed.

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Afterwards the lion, when chasing his prey, chanced to be caught in the snares spread for him by hunters, and unable to free himself, he made the valley ring with his cries of rage. His greatest efforts were in vain; for the snares were fastened to posts beyond his reach. Suddenly he beheld upon one of these a little mouse, who bade him fear nothing. This was no other than his former captive, who had no sooner heard his voice of distress than he had hastened to the spot. The mouse was now able to give his friend the very help he needed. Gnawing the cords of the snare with his sharp little teeth, he soon set the lion at liberty, and received from him afterwards many proofs of his thankfulness.

The time may come when everything turns upon the help of the smallest friend; hence a kind action may bring its reward when least looked for.

A TRUSTY BOY.

SEVERAL years ago, says a New York paper, a large firm in that city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them came a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by his aunt, in lieu of faithful parents by whom he had been abandoned.

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Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him; places all full. Besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman; "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eye which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he did not see why they wanted such a boy; he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. But after consultation the boy was sent to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store and discovered his youthful protege busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing," said he; "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know that you did not tell me so, but I thought that I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he was willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed out to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and

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entered in the rear to seize something, but, in a twinkle, found himself seized by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but the valuable articles which had been taken from other stores were recovered. When questioned by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch, the reply was: "You never told me to leave the store when others were absent and I thought I'd stay."

Some years later that boy was receiving a salary of $2500 and is now a partner in the establishment.

RETURNING EVIL FOR EVIL.

WHEN she was a little girl, a lady once learned a good lesson, which she tells for the benefit of other young people: "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farmyard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minntes the whole herd were

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kicking each other with fury. My mother turned and said,

"'See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning.'

"Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farmyard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble.'"

THE PEACOCK AND THE OYSTER.

A FABLE.

A FABLE is a story in which animals or birds or even objects are supposed to speak and act. Fables are always intended to teach some good lesson. Listen to this one and see what lesson you can learn from it.

One day an oyster set out to cross a neck of land to save himself a long swim around it, and as he journeyed along the dusty highway, content with the weather, the climate and his surroundings, he suddenly heard a harsh voice crying out for him to halt. As he rolled into the shade of a pigweed

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a peacock advanced with a lordly strut, and demanded:

"How now, sirrah? Where are you going, and what is your errand?"

"I'm simply crossing from water to water, and tired enough I am. I believe I have been three good hours making half a mile."

"Three hours! Why I could strut over the distance in three minutes! Ah, me; but you don't amount to much for size."

"No, a child can swallow me at a gulp."

"And you aren't the least bit pretty."

"That's true. My shell is course and full of ridges."

"And you can't sing?"

"Not a note."

"Nor fly?"

"Not at all."

"Well, well, I really pity you. Now then, if you want to see something gaudy, just gaze at me."

The bird strutted up and down, head up and tail spread out, and the oyster was compelled to say that it was a sight to do sore eyes good.

"While you creep, I walk, strut and fly."

"Yes."

"While you whisper I sing."

"Yes."

"While you tumble around in the mud and

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sand, I reflect all the colors of the rainbow on the lawn."

"I must admit it," sighed the oyster.

"And while a pigweed shelters you it takes a whole apple tree to give me a shade. You see—?"

And the oyster saw. An eagle had been looking for a breakfast. The humble oyster, hidden under the weed, escaped his piercing glances, but the gorgeous peacock was instantly seen and spotted. There was a whirr, a scream, and the eagle had ascended with the vain bird fast in his claws.

"Come to think it over," said the oyster, "it's about as well to be an oyster under a pigweed as a peacock in the claws of an eagle. I guess I'll move on."

The moral or lesson which this story is intended to teach is that we should not boast of how much nicer we are than other people, or how much better clothes we have. It may happen as it often does, that those we think are not as nice as we are, in the end are better or nicer, or at least more happy. We should not feel vain or proud because we have something that others have not.

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KEEPING FAITH.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner, and said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it. As she said this a sudden gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She innocently looked up into Sir William's face and said: "But you can mend it, can't you?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could overcome by the gift of a sixpence to buy another.

However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he promised to meet his little friend on the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring sixpence with him; bidding her meanwhile tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for a bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some time, trying to cal-

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culate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "previous engagement, saying, "I cannot disappoint her; she trusted me."

MYRTLE AINSWORTH.

HOW SHE WAS MADE HAPPY.

"OH! mamma, do you see the little girl with a basket on her arm? She looks so pale and thin, and see, her shoes are all torn, and she has an old torn dress on. Why don't her mamma get her some new clothes?"

"That is Susan Jones, Myrtle, her mother lives near the depot, and is very poor."

"Why is she poor, mamma?"

"Because when Susan was a small baby, her papa, who had lost all his worldly goods, died, leaving his widow and three small children homeless."

"Don't they have any home, or warm fires, or nice dinners?"

"No, my dear; but they are the poor the Lord said we had with us always."

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"Are they the poor you ask the Lord to bless when you are praying, mamma?"

"Yes, Myrtle, and your papa knowing they are poor, sends them many comforts on Christmas, such as flour, coal, etc.; but Susan and her little brothers do not look forward to a grand Christmas tree as some children do."

Myrtle remained standing by the window looking after Susie and wondering how she would feel not to be looking forward to Christmas as the brightest day of the year; and turning she said, "Mamma, did not the Lord say something about clothing the poor?"

"Yes, Myrtle."

"Well, mamma, may I take Susie some of my dresses? The one with the striped ribbon is too short and she is not so large as I; and there is my last winter's coat, and so many things."

"Yes, Myrtle, I am glad you are willing to divide with the poor. Come, let us go and see what we can find."

On Christmas Eve, while the widow and her children were seated around a warm fire made of coal Myrtle's father had sent them, a gentle tap at the door startled the family, as few cared to leave their comfortable homes Christmas evening, and some nice things were brought through Myrtle's influence to the poor family.

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Myrtle was very happy at finding she had made little Susie glad and while Mrs. Jones thanked good Mrs. Ainsworth, the little girls were busy unpacking some things for the poor widow's Christmas dinner, which John, the hired man, had just carried in. Thus was Myrtle joyous in trying to make others happy, and we would all be happy if we would do unto others as we would have them do to us.

DOING THINGS WELL.

"THERE!" said Harry throwing down the shoe brush, "that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright, but no matter. Who cares?"

"Whatever is worth while doing at all is worth doing well," said his father, who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed, while his father continued:

"My boy, your shoes look wretchedly. Pick up the brush and make them shine; when you have finished them come into the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his well-polished shoes, his father said:

"I have a little story to tell you. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb

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which I repeated to you a few minutes ago. This boy went out to service in a gentleman's family and he took pains to do everything well, no matter how unimportant it seemed. His employer was pleased and took him into his shop. He did his work well there, and when sent on errands went quickly and was soon back in his place. So he advanced from step to step until he became clerk, and then a partner in the business. He is now a rich man and anxious that his son Harry should practice the rule that made him prosper."

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy once?"

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to go out to service and black boots and wait at table and do any service that was required of me. By doing these little things well I was soon intrusted with more important ones."

IN SEARCH OF A BOY.

A GENTLEMAN wanted a trusty boy. His friend came to his office one day saying, "I've got a boy for you—smart, active, intelligent, just the boy that will please you."

"Who is he?" said the gentleman. The friend told his name. Just at that minute the boy passed the window, and was pointed out to him.

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"Don't want him," said the gentleman; "he has a bad mark; I met him the other day with a cigar in his mouth. I do not want a smoker."

While they were talking another gentleman entered the office.

"I understand that you want a good, trusty boy, Mr. ——?"

"Yes, sir; have you got one for me?"

"I think I have," he replied.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, "what do you know of him?"

"I don't know much," said the other; "he is in my Sabbath school, always has his lessons, and never smokes."

"He is the boy for me. The boy that gets his Sabbath school lesson and never smokes can be trusted."

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

SEVERAL winters ago a woman was coming out of a public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue, and, as he held open the door, she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

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"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, the lady turned and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holidays."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little, forgotten incident, and told her that that simple "Thank you" awakened his ambition to be something in the world. He went and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

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Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, bnt they yielded returns most satisfactory.

HELP YOUR MOTHER.

"IS THERE a vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as, with glowing cheek, he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you could obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straight-forwardness in the manner, and honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to

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withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already," said his interrogator.

"I have not left it," answered the boy.

"But you wish to leave. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother!"

Brave words! Talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said:

"My boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied: "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you." So saying,

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the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into the busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by a desire to help his mother will always find friends.

THE FOX AND THE FLEAS.

A FABLE.

A FOX was once grievously tormented with fleas, that grew, multiplied, and became so aggressive upon him as to render his life almost unendurable. He became furious and enraged at the torture they inflicted upon him; he rolled himself violently about upon the ground, he snapped and snarled at them with his teeth, he ran here and there through the bushes, seeking in vain to rid himself of his merciless tormentors, but the violence of his efforts only made his enemies more fierce and vexatious. At last, when nearly exhausted by his endeavors, he laid himself down upon the bank of a clear stream and began to ponder upon his desperate and uncomfortable situation.

His attention was soon attracted by a group of cattle that came down into the water from the bank upon the opposite side of the stream, and who, being greatly annoyed by swarms of flies, sought

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to evade them by submerging themselves in the water.

"Surely, surely," said the fox to himself, "there are none under the sun that are free from persecution. We have but to look about us and we find that other creatures everywhere are as unfortunate as ourselves, and we have but to observe the manner in which they meet and overcome their misfortunes, to learn important and useful lessons that we can employ in the successful avoidance or mastery of our own troubles."

Having delivered himself of this remarkable reflection, the fox arose and proceeded to look about him; he gathered a small bunch of grass from the bank of the stream, and taking it in his mouth, he slowly walked backwards into the water, until his entire body was submerged and nothing was visible above the surface of the stream but the tip of his nose and the tuft of grass. The fleas meanwhile, seeking to keep above water, slowly crept along his body and began to take refuge upon the grass. When the fox had made sure that the last of his troublesome enemies were upon it, he suddenly opened his mouth and the bunch of grass floated down the stream freighted with his late oppressors. The wily animal returned to the bank, and creeping out of the water sunned himself, and went upon his way rejoicing.

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Nothing that lives under the sun is free from persecution. It is well for those who are wretched to think that the world is full of beings whose situations are more deplorable than their own. The wisest man may often learn lessons that are new to him from the instincts of the lower animals. Calm reason will do more to accomplish important purposes than all the force and violence one can command.

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

AS I was taking a walk early in September, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The smaller stumbled and fell, and though he was not much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he was half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy; don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle.

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he, "my lips won't pucker up good."

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"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life. I learned a lesson which I hope I shall not soon forget, and it called out these few lines, which may possibly cheer another whiner of mature years, as this class is by no means confined to children

It is better to whistle than whine;
  It is better to laugh than to cry;
For though it is cloudy, the sun will soon shine
  Across the blue, beautiful sky.

It is better to whistle than whine,
  Oh, man with the sorrowful brow;
Let the words of the child scatter murmurs of thine,
  And gather his cheerfulness now.

It is better to whistle than whine;
  Poor mother! so weary with care,
Thank God for the love and the peace that are thine
  And joy of thy little ones share.

It is better to whistle than whine,
  Though troubles you find in your way,
Remember that wise little fellow of mine,
  And whistle your whining away.

God bless that brave boy for the cheer
  He brought to this sad heart of mine;
When tempted to murmur, that young voice I hear,
  "It is better to whistle than whine!"

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THE BOY WHO KEPT OUT WELLINGTON.

AN English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was especially anxious that they should not ride over, as the crop was in condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses.

So he dispatched one of his workmen to the field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the hunters came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened.

This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result. The boy remained immovable in the determination not to open the gate.

After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said in commanding tones:

"My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington; one not accustomed to be disobeyed;

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and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his hat and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, and answered firmly,

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer anyone to pass but by my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said:

"I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed or frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could not only conquer the French, but the world;" and the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington!"

AN AFTERNOON LESSON.

PHILIP BRENT and his sister Sadie generally played very happily together, for they were the only children in the large farm-house on the hill; and when Phil. was such a little boy that he

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could scarcely speak plainly, he used to say that "Sadie was such a cunning little thing!"

He was just three years older than his little sister. He loved her very dearly now; but sometimes he would feel that it was a much finer thing to be a boy than a girl, and that he was so old and so wise that Sadie should be very obedient.

But the spoiled darling, a dear little roly-poly thing, with great black eyes and the sauciest little nose, thought that brother Phil. was just made to wait upon her and humor all her whims; and sometimes their views would clash very unpleasantly.

It was a bright autumn day, and Philip was busily working at a little out-house that had just been given to him for his own use.

He had been hammering for some time inside and he was now making the door secure.

Sadie stood near in her little pink sun-bonnet, looking rather cross, for Phil. would not tell her what he was doing all this for, nor would he let her go inside. To all her questions he replied that it was a secret; and that some day, maybe, he'd tell her.

But what little girl of six years would be put off in this way? Sadie coaxed until she was tired; and then she got angry and stamped her

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foot; but Phil. went on with his hammering and did not seem to care in the least.

The little sister was sure that she saw him take something out of a covered basket and she thought it might be kittens, or perhaps chickens; but Phil. would tell her nothing and she stood pouting awhile and finally walked away.

But there was no one at the barn to amuse her and she did not want to go into the house, so by-and-by she went back again.

But Phil. was not there now, he had gone to the house to get something; and after peeping all around without being able to see anything inside, Sadie tried the door. It was not fastened very securely and two or three pulls got it open.

The little girl screamed, "Oh!" as two pigeons flew over her head. And just then Phil., looking very red and angry, ran towards her calling out, "You little 'meddlesome Mattie!' I'll give you a shaking that you'll remember."

Sadie shrieked and took to her heels; she had never run so fast in her life before, but her brother ran faster; and forgetting all about the pond in the fear of his anger, she stumbled and rolled down the bank into the water.

Phil. was sobered in a minute and his red face very quickly turned white. What if his little sister should be drowned? There was no one to

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get her out, and he could do nothing but scream for help.

Fortunately two of the hired men were coming across a field in the opposite direction, and they soon lifted little Sadie, all dripping, from the water. But she was very still and white; and Phil. cried as if his heart would break.

He forgot all about his pigeons and would have given everything he had to see Sadie smile again.

She was carried into the house and laid on her little bed; and Mrs. Brent cried, and everyone looked very solemn, and the doctor was sent for.

They rubbed and worked over the little girl for a full hour without being able to see any signs of life. But suddenly she opened her eyes, and said:

"Where's Phil?"

A happier boy never lived than the one who now bounded joyously at the sound of his sister's voice. And Sadie asked:

"Won't they ever come back again, Phil? I'm sorry; but I didn't know there was anything there that would fly."

"Never mind, dear," replied Phil., choking down a sob at the thought of his pigeons, which had cost him his only half dollar. "I ought to

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have told you. But, you see, I wanted to surprise you, Sadie. They would have laid eggs, you know; and perhaps, on your birthday, I might have had a beautiful white pigeon for you."

"Oh," whispered Sadie, "how good you are, Phil!"

But Phil. did not feel particularly good as he looked at his pale little sister; and it was some time before Sadie was able to run about again.

Mrs. Brent talked to her boy very earnestly about his quick temper, which had nearly caused his little sister's death; and after that sad day Philip seemed quite changed. Perhaps Sadie did not tease him so much; but the brother and sister were very fond of each other, and the new pigeons which soon came to take the place of the others belonged to them both.

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I WISH that pony was mine," said a little boy, who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

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"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes," said the other.

"Why would I? You'd have no right to him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, and all for nothing, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are, that I read about the other day. They were going along a road, talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture land in the world."

The other said, "And I wish I had all the cattle in the world."

"What would you do then?" asked his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it."

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"I should."

"You sha'nt!"

"I will;" and with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys, as they were.

The children laughed, but their mother said:

"You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were!"

DASH.

"MUST I, mamma?" whined a little boy with a cloudy face. His mother had handed him a basket, and asked him to go to the store for her.

She answered a little sadly, for his unwilling spirit grieved her,

"Yes, Jamie; I cannot leave baby, and Hannah is very busy ironing."

He obeyed, but not in the cheerful, willing way that would have given his mother pleasure.

A few days afterwards, they were invited to visit a friend. The lady had a pretty little

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dog named Dash. He was very good-natured, and Jamie enjoyed playing with him.

But he was surprised when he saw the lady give a basket to Dash, containing a written slip of paper, and heard her tell him to go to the grocery store.

As soon as she said "grocery" the little dog pricked up his ears, looked pleasantly in her face, with his bright, brown eyes, and, taking the basket in his mouth, trotted away down the street.

In about ten minutes he returned with the articles she wanted.

Of course he could not ask for them, but he carried the basket to the grocer, and the man read the writing on the paper. He usually served Dash as soon as he came in, because the little dog, if he had to wait, would keep barking.

Jamie felt ashamed when he saw little Dash so willing and ready to please his mistress, and remembered how selfish he had been when his kind mother, who was always doing for him, asked so trifling a service.

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THE BUTTERFLY AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

"PRETTY butterfly, stay!
Come down here and play,"
A grasshopper said,
As he lifted his head.
"Oh, no! and oh, no!
Daddy Grasshopper, go!
Once you weren't so polite,
But said, 'Out of my sight,
You base, ugly fright!' "
"Oh, no! and oh, no!
I never said so,"
The grasshopper cried:
"I'd sooner have died
Than been half so rude.
You misunderstood."
"Oh, no! I did not;
'Twas near to this spot:
The offense, while I live,
I cannot forgive."
"I pray you explain
When and where such disdain,
Such conduct improper,
Was shown by this hopper."
"I then was a worm:
'Tis a fact, I affirm,"
The butterfly said,
With a toss of her head.

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"In my humble condition,
Your bad disposition
Made you spurn me as mean,
And not fit to be seen.
In my day of small things
You dreamed not that wings
Might one day be mine,
Wings handsome and fine,
That help me soar up
To the rose's full cup,
And taste of each flower
In garden and bower.
This moral now take
For your own better sake:
Insult not the low;
Some day they may grow
To seem and to do
Much better than you.
Remember; and so,
Daddy Grasshopper, go!"

TRUE AND FAITHFUL.

"CHARLIE, Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys; and he instantly threw down his bat, and picked up his jacket and cap.

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"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish the game! Try it again!" cried the players in a noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make like you didn't hear!" they exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander; "you can't do anything with him, he's tied to his mother's apron-string."

"That's so," said Charles; "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot, too."

"I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called."

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her, will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does;" and he hurried to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say that his word "is his bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation.

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"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great a temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."

DANGER OF BAD COMPANY.

BOYS and girls should be careful to keep good company. Many good boys and girls have been ruined by going into the company of persons who were not pure.

If you know boys or girls who are vulgar—who use bad words, shun them. If you know any who steal, or tell lies, or have other bad habits, do not go with them. If you do, you are apt to fall into their bad habits. Good apples become tainted when they lay beside rotten ones. So good boys and girls become tainted by being with those who are bad.

A girl once asked her father to allow her to go to a party. He did not like the character of the others who were going, and wisely refused to let her go.

She thought it unkind of him and cried and coaxed him to consent. She declared there was no danger, and promised not to fall into any of their bad habits.

At last her father took up a dead coal from the

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fire-place and offered it to her. She held back her hand, fearing it might burn her. He said, "Take it, my child, it will not burn you."

She took it, but in a moment cried out, "See, father, it has blackened my hand!"

"Yes," he said, "I knew it would soil, if it did not burn you. Just so with bad company. It would taint you if it did not quite spoil you."

LEE AND HIS MOTHER.

LEE is a little boy about four years of age. He lives in Cache Valley. He is a bright little fellow and is very fond of play. Like many other little boys, he likes to play in the water. His mother has had to scold him very often for going in the ditches and getting wet. But sometimes he is thoughtless, and forgets what she says to him. Not long ago he came into the house several times, wet through. His mother said that he must not go in the water, and said that if he did again she would have to whip him. Not long afterwards the family were sitting in the parlor, and Lee came in very quietly and went over to the back part of the room. No one noticed him at first, but upon his mother looking round, she saw him kneeling at the sofa. She asked him what he was doing

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there. He said he was praying to the Lord to tell his mother not to whip him for getting in the water. Upon looking at his clothes she saw they were wet, but she had no heart to whip him.

Lee had been taught to pray, and that the Lord would hear his prayer. When he got into trouble he thought the best way was to ask the Lord to help him.

Your parents who are Latter-day Saints, also do this. When they get into trouble they ask the Lord to help them out.

The best way, children, is to do right, and keep out of trouble; but if you do need help, always think of the Lord.

Ask Him in faith and He will assist you.

A SPOTTED TONGUE.

NEDDY KNOWLES was a naughty boy. A very naughty boy indeed. He said wicked words.

His mamma overheard him one day, and she felt sorry to hear her good, little boy talking just like the bad, big boys out in the street.

She called him right up stairs to her room and said,

"Neddie, put out your tongue."

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Neddy obediently stuck out the naughty little pink member, thinking that mamma was going to put on it some nice, sweet, little medicine pellets.

"Yes," said his mamma, "I thought so; it isn't a clean, pure little tongue any more, and the naughtiness must be washed off at once."

"Wash my tongue, mamma!" exclaimed Master Neddy, opening his big, blue eyes very wide.

"Yes," replied mamma, very soberly. "When you get your nice, clean dresses soiled, you know I take them right off and put them in the wash, and when your face and hands are dirty I also use soap and water on them, and now that your pure, little tongue is spotted with naughty, wicked words, I shall have to try to clean and purify that as well."

"O mamma, I'll never do so any more, deed and double!" cried Neddy, as he saw his mamma get the water ready.

"I hope not, I am sure," said his mamma, going on with her preparations; "and so I am going to wash off all the naughtiness that there is there at present. Open your mouth."

Neddy began to cry, but his mamma only went on and washed Neddy's tongue very thoroughly, and then she told him how he had soiled, not only his little tongue, but his soul, by taking the name of God in vain, and that swearing

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was not only a bad, vile habit, but a sinful one as well, and that no boy ever grew up to be a good gentleman who used the wicked naughty words she had heard him saying.

Neddy listened very attentively, and when she had finished, he promised his mamma that he would never be so wicked again, and although his tongue smarted a little, he felt glad that all the naughty words were cleaned from it, and whenever after he was tempted to say bad, wicked words, he recollected what his mother had said, and he kept his tongue clean.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

TO-DAY I wish to relate to my juvenile readers an incident which transpired during the period of the great rebellion in the United States.

In the year 1864 Charles —— lived with his mother in the city of C—, near the central part of Indiana. He had a sister who resided with them. His father and elder brother had enlisted in the army. Charles was but four years of age, not large enough to earn anything, and their daily food depended upon what his mother earned by her hard day's labor.

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It was in the winter season. Times were hard, and growing worse every day, and the people had but little for the mother to do. It was with great difficulty that she earned enough for herself and children to live upon.

One morning she went out in the cold wintry blast and gathered bark from the fence rails to keep her children from suffering with the severe cold, and at breakfast she gave them the last crust of bread that was in the house, not eating any herself. Then she went out into the city to seek something to do to earn some more bread for her little ones. But after a long search she returned, much fatigued both in body and mind, without accomplishing her object.

The poor woman sat down and wept bitterly. Her children were crying for bread and she had none to give them. But when they again asked her for bread she said to them, "The Lord will provide."

Presently she knelt down, her bosom swelling with grief, and asked the Lord to spare her children's lives.

Then, rising to her feet, she thought of some carpet rags she had put into a barrel just the day before, and decided to take them to a store and see if she could sell them for some bread.

Just as she turned the barrel upside down, to

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empty out the rags, she said in a tone of motherly kindness: "Dear children, do not cry; the Lord will not let us starve." Then she turned the barrel back, and, on looking into it, what do you suppose greeted her eyes?

It was something that made her countenance beam with gladness and her eyes dance with joy, and she exclaimed: "The Lord will provide. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

It was a dollar bill. It had never been lost there, because she had washed out the barrel the day she put the rags into it. But how it got there I will leave you to form your own opinion. Suffice it to say, that it was neither in the rags nor barrel the day before.

It purchased bread enough to last them a few days, till they received seventy dollars sent them from the army.

THE OLD SLATE.

"I HAVE a great mind to break this stupid old slate," said Charles, one morning, as he sat, with tears in his eyes, almost crying over his first lesson in subtraction, "Why, what has the poor slate done?" asked the pleasant voice of his sister Helen behind him.

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"Nothing. That is just what I complain of. It won't make the figures in this lesson for me; and here it is almost school-time!"

"What a wicked slate, Charles!"

"So it is, I mean to throw it out of the window, and break it in pieces on the stones."

"Will that get your lesson for you, Charley?"

"No; but if there were no slates in the world, I should have no such lessons to learn."

"Oh, no! Indeed! But that does not follow, by any means. Did slates make arithmetic? would people never have to count, and calculate, if there were no slates? You forget pens, lead-pencils, and paper: you forget all about oral arithmetic, Charley!"

"Well, I don't like to cipher; that's all: but I do like to count."

"And so, you hasty boy, you get angry with the poor harmless slate, that is so convenient when you make mistakes and wish to rub them out. This is the way with a great many thoughtless, quick-tempered people. They try to find fault with somebody, or something, and get into a passion, and perhaps do mischief; when, if they would reflect, they would find that they themselves ought to bear all the blame. Now, Charley, let me see what I can do for you."

So Helen sat down in her mother's great easy

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chair: she tried to look grave and dignified, like an old lady, though she was but eighteen. Charley came rather unwillingly, laid the slate on her lap, and began to play with the trimmings on her apron. "Why, what is this?" said she; "soldiers, and cats and dogs; and houses with windows of all shapes and sizes!"

Charley looked foolish. "O, the lesson is on the other side," said he, turning the slate over.

"Ah, silly boy!" said Helen; "here you have been sitting half an hour drawing pictures, instead of trying to learn your lesson. And now, which do you think ought to be broken, you or your slate?" and she held the slate up high, as if she meant to beat his head with it.

Charley looked up, with his hands at his ears, but laughing all the while, for he knew she was only playing with him. Presently, however, she put on a serious face, and said. "Now, my little man, you must go to work in good earnest, to make up the lost time."

"Oh, Helen, it wants only twenty minutes of nine: I shall be late to school. Can't you just this once, make the figures for me?"

"No," said Helen.

"Oh, do! just this once."

"No, Charley; there would be no kindness in that. You would never learn arithmetic in that

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way. If I do it once, you will find it harder to be refused to morrow. I will do a much kinder thing: I will show you a little, and you may do all the work yourself."

So she passed her arm gently around him; and though Charley pouted at first, and could hardly see through his tears, she questioned him about the rule, and then began to show him the proper way to get his lesson.

When all was finished, Charley was surprised to find that he should still be in season for school.

"Now, tomorrow, Charley," said Helen, "do not waste a moment, but begin your lesson at once, and you will find it a great saving, not only of time, but of temper. I hope you will not get into a passion again, with this good old slate of mine. It went to school with me when I was a little girl, and I should be sorry if you had broken it for not doing your work."

Away ran Charley to school, thinking to himself, "Well, I suppose I was wrong, and Helen is right. I ought not to have been making pictures: I ought to have been getting my lesson."

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THE FAITH OF CHILDREN.

ONE of the brethren living in one of our northern Stakes has been under bonds for several months awaiting trial on a charge of unlawful cohabitation. On several occasions he has appeared in court on the expectation of being tried and perhaps convicted. Finally the court set a day for his trial and a list of witnesses was prepared. With these it was supposed a conviction could be secured.

On the appointed day this brother bade his family good-bye expecting he would that day be convicted on prejudice, if evidence was lacking, and receive sentence immediately. On appearing at court, however, he found that through some oversight or blunder, no witnesses had been summoned and the case was again postponed.

The accused therefore took the train for home and on arriving at the station he saw his two little boys there waiting for him. On being questioned as to why they came for him when he himself had not expected to return until after he had served a term in the penitentiary, they replied, "Oh, we fasted this morning and prayed to the Lord to

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bring you home tonight and we knew He would; so we came to meet you."

Their faith was quite different to that shown by the old woman who heard her minister speak of that faith which was sufficient to move mountains. She went home, pulled down her window-blinds and then prayed to the Lord to remove a mountain from the front of her door. After praying some time she arose from her knees and peeped out from behind the blind and saw the mountain still in its place. "There," she exclaimed, "I did not believe it would be moved."

CHOOSING COMPANIONS.

THERE is an old fable about the frog and the mouse. As the story goes, a little mouse was once persuaded by a frog to have one of its legs tied to one leg of the frog. This was so that the frog could help the mouse along, as it was stronger and could jump faster than the mouse could run. When the frog proposed to help the mouse in this way, the mouse seemed pleased and gladly accepted the offer.

But soon the frog got to a pond of water, and naturally enough jumped in. The mouse being tied to it, of course, went in, too.

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"Hold on!" said the mouse as he saw where he was going. But the frog had already taken the leap, and just as the mouse shouted, down he went with a splash.

The frog came up as soon as he could, and the mouse did not suffer much, but was greatly frightened. Just then a bird darted down and nabbed the frog and carried it off to make a meal of it As the mouse was tied to the frog it was also carried along; and when the bird had finished eating the frog it began on the mouse and gobbled it up as well. This ended their lives, and ends also their story.

The lesson this fable teaches may be learned from the following little story:

Once there was a boy who was a pretty good young fellow, but he was a little thoughtless, and did not mind what his parents told him as well as he ought to. This boy got acquainted with another boy who was older than himself, and who was not a good boy. He talked as though he was very smart and brave, and said that he dared to do a good many things that other boys were afraid to. By hearing him talk the other boy began to admire him and felt that he would like to associate with this bad boy. So, instead of keeping away from such a bad companion, he would seek his company. The bad boy was pleased to have him for a compan-

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ion and was quite willing to teach him some of his daring acts.

About the first thing he proposed to his new friend was to go into a man's orchard and steal apples from the trees.

The other boy had been taught that to steal was not right, and was afraid to go. But the brave, daring boy called him a coward, and soon coaxed him to go with him. He also persuaded him, when they got in the orchard, to climb the tree and shake the apples off, while he himself would pick them up. While the youngest boy was in the tree the owner of the orchard came along and caught him. But the older boy, who saw him coming, ran away.

And what do you think the man did with this little fellow? After getting him to tell the name of the other boy he gave him a very severe whipping and let him go. Afterwards he caught the other boy and whipped him too. And that is what they both got instead of apples.

What you should learn from this story is to not let anyone lead you into mischief or to do what you know is not right. Never mind what such people promise you. Those who are bad enough to try to persuade you to do wrong will not try to keep their promises when they make them.

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WHICH GOT THE PLACE.

TWO boys applied for a place in a gentleman's store. One was older than the other, and had had some experience in the business. His father was a man of some means, and he was well dressed. The other boy was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mended, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression which impressed a stranger favorably. Though the elder boy came highly recommended from a gentleman he greatly esteemed, the merchant decided in favor of the widow's son, much to the surprise of everyone in the store. A circumstance which seemed trifling in itself had influenced him in making this decision.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was standing on his own doorstep at the time. Just then a poor, little, shivering child crossed the street, and as she stepped on the sidewalk her foot slipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the half-melted snow. The elder boy laughed rudely at her sorry appearance, while the water dripped from her thin, ragged clothes; but the child began crying bitterly, and

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searching for the four pennies she had lost. William, the younger boy, hastened to her side, and helped her search for them. Two were found in the snow, the other two were probably in the little icy pool beside the curbstone. William bravely stripped up his sleeve and plunged his hand down into the water, groping about till one of the missing pennies was found, but the other seemed hopelessly lost.

"I am afraid that can't be found, little girl," he said pleasantly. "Then I can't get the bread," sobbed the child, "and mammy and the children will have no supper."

"There is a penny," said William, taking one from a purse which contained but very few more, and he made haste to wash the dirt off his hand in the snow, and dry it on his coarse, white handkerchief. The other boy looked on with contempt, and remarked, as they passed along:

"It's plain enough you are a greenhorn in the city."

The gentleman had observed it all, and scarcely asked the rude boy a question, but after some conversation with William, he said he would be willing to take him for a time on trial. At the end of his month of probation, he had grown so much in favor with all parties that the engagement was renewed for a year.

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Now, shall I tell you the secret of his success? It was his politeness. That means a kind expression of feelings. Many fashionable people are far from being polite, and sometimes the most lowly are very remarkable for it. The merchant knew that the boy who would be truly polite to a poor little ragged child, would never be impolite to customers. He knew that a boy whose principles would hold out when he was laughed at, could be trusted. Remember, that the boy who is uniformly polite in his behavior, has ten chances of success in the world where a rude boy has one.

HOW SHE ATTRACTED NOTICE.

A LITTLE incident—it is a true story—occurred a few years ago in Philadelphia, which has its significance for our readers.

The owner of a large retail store gave a holiday to all his employes in the middle of June. Cashiers, foremen, salesmen and women, cash-boys and porters, all were invited to spend the day on the grounds of the country seat owned by their employer. Tents were erected, a bountiful dinner and supper were provided, a band of music was stationed in a grove, and special trains were char-

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tered to carry the guests to the country and home again.

Nothing else was talked of for weeks before the happy day. The saleswomen, most of whom were young, anxiously planned their dresses, and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evenings, that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash-boys bought new cravats and hats for the great occasion.

There was one girl, whom we shall call Jane, who could not indulge herself in any pretty bit of finery. She was the only child of a widowed mother, who was paralyzed. Jane was quick and industrious, but she had been but a few months in the store and her wages barely kept her and her mother from want.

"What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next her behind the counter. "I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"I have nothing but this," said Jane, glancing down at her rusty black merino.

"But that is a winter dress! You'll melt, child. There'll be dancing and boating and croquet. You must have a summer gown, or else don't go."

Girls of fifteen like pretty gowns. Jane said nothing for a few minutes.

"I must wear this," she said firmly, "and I think

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I shall go. Mother wishes it, and I like to get all the fun I can out of life."

"But you can't dance or play croquet in—*that!*"

"It is always fun to see other people have fun," said Jane, bravely.

The day came, bright and hot, and Jane went in her heavy, well-darned dress. She gave up all idea of "fun" for herself and set to work to help the others find it. On the cars she busied herself in finding seats for the little girls and helping the servants with the baskets of provisions. On the grounds she started games for the children, ran to lay the table, brought water to the old ladies, was ready to pin up torn gowns, or to applaud a "good ball;" she laughed and was happy and friendly all of the time. She did not dance or play; but she was surrounded by a cheerful, merry group wherever she went.

On the way home to town the employer, who was a shrewd business man, beckoned to his superintendent.

"There is one girl here whose friendly, polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. That young woman in black," and he pointed her out.

The next day Jane was promoted into one of

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the most important departments, and since that time her success has been steady.

The good humor and kindness of heart which enabled her to "find fun in seeing others have fun" were the best capital for her in her business. She had the courage, too, to disregard poverty and make the best of life, a courage which is rare, and which rarely fails to meet its reward.

THE BOY HERO.

A ROUGH teacher in a school called up a poor, half-starved lad, who had violated the laws of the school, and said—

"Take off your coat, sir!"

The boy refused to take it off. The teacher said again, "Take off your coat," as he swung the whip through the air.

The boy refused. It was not because he was afraid of the lash—he was used to that at home—but it was from shame; he had no undergarment. And as at he third command he pulled slowly off his coat, there went a sob all through the school.

They saw then why he did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder blades had almost cut through the skin. A stout, healthy

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boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school and said,—

"O sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow! Whip me. He's nothing but a poor chap. Don't you hurt him; he's poor, Whip me!"

"Well," said the teacher, "it's going to be a severe whipping; I am willing to take you as a substitute."

"Well," said the boy, "I don't care. You may whip me if you will let this poor fellow go."

The stout, healthy boy took the scourging without an outcry.

Probably not one of our readers but will say, "Bravo!" But how many will not only admire but imitate the spirit of that self-sacrifice?

TEN MINUTES TO LIVE.

ON board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered the fourth day out of Liverpool to New York and carried before the first mate whose duty it was to deal with such cases.

When questioned as to his object of being stowed away and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face and eyes that looked like the very mirror of truth, replied that

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his stepfather did it because he could not afford to keep him nor pay his passage to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going.

The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said, and it was his firm conviction the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence.

Day by day he was questioned and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculpate the sailors, seized and dragged him on the fore-deck, told him unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang from the yard arm.

He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the middy watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate with his chronometer in his hand and the officer of the ship by his side.

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It was the finest sight, said our informant, that I ever beheld, to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that surfaced them. When eight minutes had fled the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking if he might pray.

The mate said nothing but nodded his head and turned pale as a ghost and shook with trembling like a reed shaken by the wind. And then all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow—the poor boy whom society owned not, and whose step-father could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes turned up to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's prayer, and prayed for the Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him, and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

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THE GOLDEN RULE.

SOME boys think that if they should find a pocket-knife or any other article in the street it should be theirs. It might be lying near some neighbor's gate. It might be lost by that neighbor's boys. But still, they think, if they find it, it is theirs. This is not right. Boys should never be anxious to get something for nothing. They should never desire to get rich without working. It is this desire that causes some people to steal. It causes others to tell lies and cheat. It causes wicked men to kill people for their money. And for such acts many persons are sent to jail. They are shut up in dungeons. Sometimes they are hung or shot. This desire is avarice, and avarice is a very bad quality in any person's nature.

We should remember the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." We can apply this most excellent rule in a thousand different ways. Every act of our lives should be tempered by it. It should apply no less to the disposal of things found, than to any business transaction that we might engage in. This application of the Golden Rule should be

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particularly impressed upon the minds of the boys and girls of the Latter-day Saints. It is a principle that is ever held up to them, that where an article is found is should be restored to the owner.

Several years ago a boy from Salt Lake City found a pocket book near Echo Canyon. On opening it he found it contained quite a sum of money, as well as some papers that would probably be of value to the owner. He asked the persons whom he met that day upon the road if they had lost anything, but as none of them had, he concluded the pocket book did not belong to any of them. When he got home he had a notice inserted in the newspaper that a pocket book containing money and several papers upon which a particular name occurred, which was supposed to be the owner's, and had been found by him, could be had upon application.

The next day a stranger, a rough-looking emigrant, called upon him. He stated that he had lost a pocket book similar to the one described in the *News*. The boy asked where he had lost it, and the man replied, "Near Echo Canyon." This satisfied the boy that this was the owner, and he gave it to him.

It was interesting to watch the man's face as he received the pocket book and examined its con-

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tents. He seemed very much surprised when he received it. He opened it and looked at the papers. They were all right. He next counted the money. It was all there. Then he seemed more surprised. Looking at the boy, he said:

"Why didn't you keep this when you found it, and say nothing about it?"

The boy told him he would not think it right to do such a thing.

"But," he said, "it was yours when you found it."

The boy replied that he did not think so. He had always been taught to return anything he found to its owner. He only did as he would wish to be done by.

"And are you a Mormon?" asked the stranger.

The boy replied that he was.

The man looked more surprised than ever. "Do the Mormons," said he, "all teach their children to return to their owners anything they find?"

"They should do," the boy replied, "it is part of their faith."

"Well," said the stranger, "where I came from, if a person finds anything, he considers it his. And when I lost my pocket-book I never expected to see it again. I should not have taken the trouble to inquire for it. But after we camped on

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Emigration Square last night one of our men came up town and bought a newspaper. In reading it he came across the advertisement of a lost pocket book with my name in it. He told me about it or I never should have come to you. But how much do I owe you?"

"Nothing," said the boy, "if you pay for the advertisement, which I think will be about one dollar."

"But you want some reward for finding it, and for your honesty in returning it to me?" said the man.

"No, sir," said the boy, "it cost me nothing to carry it home, and I only did my duty in restoring it to you."

The man pressed a five dollar bill into his hand, and said, "Take that, anyhow, you have taught me a lesson. If I had found a pocket-book I should have kept it."

The man did not say so, but he probably left with a much better opinion of the Latter-day Saints, or "Mormons," as he called them, than he had formerly entertained.

The boy was four dollars richer than he expected to be; but what was better than all, he had a clear conscience. He felt that he had done right, and that the Lord approved of his course. He could look that man or any one else he should

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meet in the face then without any sense of guilt or fear that they would ask him if he had found a pocket book.

SPEAK GENTLY TO EACH OTHER.

"PLEASE to help me a minute, sister."

"O, don't disturb me; I am reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now—I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically; and my little brother turned away, with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a wind-mill; and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making one.

He had worked patiently all the morning, with a saw and a jack-knife, and now it needed only putting together to complete it. His only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with a sad heart.

I thought of all this a few minutes after he left, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not

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intentional unkindness, but thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother and was kind to him generally; but this time I had refused to help him.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!"

His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance; so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and, sure enough, on the roof of the wood-house was fastened a miniature wind-mill, with its arms whirling around fast enough to suit any boy.

I praised the wind-mill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy, and entirely forgetful of any unkind word. Then I resolved, as I had done many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our home. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and my brother lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him.

Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax; and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. On one such occasion he said, "I hear my wind-mill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked.

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"Shall I take it down?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "It seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment and then added, "Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you were reading, and said you could not? But it didn't matter, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened! I repented, as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him.

Frank now sleeps in the grave and our home is desolate; but his little wind-mill still clatters away, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old wood-house. Every time I hear it I remember Frank, gone away forever; and I remember, also, the thoughtless, unkind words.

BREAD AND MILK.

ONE morning Johnny (for that was his real name) came to the breakfast table and boldly declared that he would not eat bread and milk that morning.

"Very well, Johnny," said his mother quietly,

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and without raising her voice, "I'll set it on this high shelf. You can run off to school."

This run was along a good piece of road and then a short time through a wood, which gave John ample time to call up his temper and strengthen his desire not to give in.

Accordingly, on his return he was all ready to assert the dignity of boyhood, and when he drew up to the table and saw the bread and milk set before him, he felt nerved to any wicked course and decided not to give in.

"Very well, Johnny," was the mother's calm remark, "I'll set it on the high shelf till you want it;" and a firm wave of the hand sent him from the table, and in due time he was bidden by an authority he could not resist, to run off to school.

That run was not so spirited as the morning run had been. He felt "dreadfully hollow," and had no relish for his usual sport of pretending to be chased by a bear, climbing, in fancied terror, a tree, running out on its branches and dropping to the ground, only to gain another tree and act the same feat.

On the contrary, he felt as if he would give up. He knew his mother never would, and admitted to himself that he should be glad of that bowl of bread and milk; and when he came dragging home

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at night, and the bowl was lifted down from the high shelf, without a word of threatening or reproach, he pretty well understood the force of calm and firm authority.

Feeling well assured that he never would eat anything else until he had swallowed that oft-presented and oft-refused bread and milk, he just took to it as quietly as it was offered, and ate it. And after that he never set up his will in defiance of his mother's. I saw the tears of fond love gather in his eyes as he said:

"My mother was a woman of good judgment, and I love to think how she made me obey her."

It is such mothers whom their sons delight to honor.

GAMBLING.

"GIVE me a cent, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you six cents."

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent and took a ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents."

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"Six cents," was the answer," and two three-cent pieces were put in his hand. He stepped off, probably well satisfied with what he had done, and not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; and that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him the six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand with the world an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. He touched his hat and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades. That was an honest boy.

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LOVE IS THE BEST FORCE.

ONCE two little boys were on their way to school. They were brothers, and their names were John and Frank. John was the older of the two, and he liked to rule Frank by sharp words; but Frank did not like to be ruled in that way.

"Come on—quicker, quicker. What a slow coach you are!" said John.

"It is not late, and the day is hot," said Frank.

"I tell you I want to get to school in time to clean out my desk," said John. "Come, you *shall* come."

And then John tried to pull Frank along by main force; but, the more John pulled, the more Frank made up his mind not to yield.

While the dispute went on, they came to a place in the road where a man was trying to make a horse pull a great load of stones. The horse stopped to rest when the man began to beat him.

This the horse did not like, for he had tried to do his best; so he stood stock still. In vain did the man lay on the lash; the horse would not start. In vain did the man swear at him; the horse did not mind his oaths.

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Just then a young man came up, and said to the man with the load of stones, "Why do you treat a good, brave horse in that way? He would pull for you till he died, if you would only treat him kindly. Stand aside, and let me show you how to treat a good horse."

So the man stood aside, and the young man went up, and put his arm round the neck of the horse, and patted him on the back and said: "Poor old fellow! it was too bad to lash you so, when you were doing your best, and just stopped a moment to take breath."

And so the young man soothed the poor beast, by kind words and soft pats with his hand, and then said to him:

"Now, good old horse, see what you can do! Come, sir, we have only a few steps more to the top of the hill. Get up now. Show that you will do for love what you would not do for hate."

The horse seemed to know what was said to him, for he started off at a strong, brisk pace, and was soon at the top of the hill.

"There, my good friend," said the young man to the driver, "I hope you see now that love is the best force; that even beasts will do for you, when you are kind, what they will not do when you are harsh."

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John heard all these words, and they set him to thinking. At last he said to Frank:

"It is a hot day, Frank; and it is not too late. Let us walk through the lane to school."

"No, John," said Frank, "I will take the short cut, and will walk just as fast as you want me to; so, come on."

"Frank," said John, "love is better than hate—isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, a thousand times better!" cried Frank.

THE KING'S MISTAKE.

MANY of you know that the eagle is the largest and strongest of birds, having its nest on high rocks, and coming down to the valley in search of prey. He has a special liking for lambs, kids and fresh fish; and has even carried off children. His eyesight, too, is so strong that it is said he can gaze at the sun. You know he is often called the "king of birds," as the lion is called the "king of beasts."

Well, one day this monarch of the air went hunting, and pouncing on what he probably took for a fine, large hare, carried it in triumph to his nest.

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"Here, my children," said he in bird dialect, "is a rich dinner for you. I have been highly successful to-day. Come, enjoy it, and I will soon be home again;" and away he flew to get something for himself.

Ah! the king had made a mistake, and brought up a nice, large cat.

"Not so fast," said pussy, in cat language; "your majesty has provided me with a good dinner."

She leisurely ate up the young eaglets, and when she had finished the last one and washed her face, she cautiously picked her way, by her sharp claws, down the steep rocks to her valley home.

What his majesty said when he returned has never been written; but the story carries with it a meaning not hard to read.

In some time and way, sooner or later, injury done reacts on him who does it. Those who seek to enrich themselves at the expense of others, or deprive them of their rights and happiness, will surely find, whatever may be their wordly estate, that they have taken into their souls' dwelling places enemies who will rob them of their richest treasures.

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